TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

One of the oddest things of the season is Sir John Macdonald's recently-developed liking for revival meetings. During the evangelistic services of Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, in Ottawa, Sir John's regular attendance at their meetings has excited more than passing comment. His unconcealed interest has assumed a degree of intensity which means one of two things: He is either working a campaign scheme and hoping to attract the great and influential Methodist body to the side of his party, or in his old age he is seeking the blessings of religion.

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Sir John has been mostly loved because he has not pretended to be better than anybody else and he has very successfully lived up to just about that standard. Sometimes in an oratorical flight or when seeking to parry the thrusts of the Opposition, he has assumed virtues which in ordinary conversation and campaigning he has not hesitated to admit are generally left out of the make-up of the successful politician. Even in the wrong things that he has done there has never been any personal hypocrisy about Sir John. When he was one of the "boys" he did not deny it, and though political necessities sometimes made him side with the Catholics and sympathize with the Protestants, at the same time it was a deception practiced in a political sense. No Canadian politician professes to live up to as high a standard politically as he does personally and even this is not always saying much for his personal code.

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However these things may be, Sir John at heart is very far from being a hypocrite, and he utterly despises those ostentatious people who pretend to be better than their fellows. I cannot for a moment think that his recent interest in religious affairs has anything to do with political ambition. He is at the summit of his power, without any organized opposition, firmly enthroned in the hearts of the majority of Canadians, and has no necessity to play the part of a canting hypocrite in order to secure continuance in power or additional greatness.

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At the request of Sir John Macdonald and the Rev. Mr. Carson, Messrs Hunter and Crossley are remaining in Ottawa another week. Sir John has evidently not yet found that solace for which he seeks, but his seeking is suggestive of many things. No Canadian has ever attained so high a place in political power and popularity as has this old man, whose years are lengthening beyond the three score-and ten; no colonist has ever been so highly honored by the Imperial Government; and yet in the evening of life his triumphs seem unto him as nothing, and as the shadows lengthen across his path the brilliance of his achievements sheds no glory into the vale beyond. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," saith the preacher, and the old politician, the wily leader of men, who in the "lean and slippered pantaloon" sits in solemn reverie by the library fire at Earnscliffe, hath reason to know that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. What is there left? Aye, what has he had which now seems beautiful unto him? That strong hand that has held the tiller and guided the boat amidst a hundred political storms reaches trembingly out amidst his reveries to touch the only Hand that can guide him through the unlanterned darkness which separates the Here from the Hereafter. The fearless old captain who has skimmed over so many shoals, grazed so many reefs and laughed at so many storms, trembles as he approaches the silent and unknown sea, into whose black and rushing waters he is drifting without map or compass, and now gazes longingly, fearfully at the stars and seeks to read the chart of heaven.

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It is said that Gladstone, while he was Premier of England, kneeled down in an alley-way, and, with his arms thrown about the shoulders of a London waif, prayed that they might be saved. In youth a man prepares a store for old age, and in old age it is not strange that he thinks of the morrow and would fain have treasures in heaven. Everyone does the same, and it should not surprise us that great men are only men, and but little larger than the smallest of us and little stronger than the weakest.

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I wonder if the *Globe* people and the Grit politicians would go into opposition in Heaven if Sir John were permitted to sit on the government side. Probably Sir John with a laugh would reckon that a good many of them will be disqualified and have no vote on the question.

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What I suggested last week about the Fisheries treaty has proved true. On the principle which suggested the old-fashioned ditty of "Gently Break the News to Mary" we heard the sweetest side of the settlement first, but later information seems to indicate that Sir Charles Tupper's triumphal return to Canada is a good deal of a funeral procession and that our Fishery rights are occupying the place of the lamented corpse. Canada is accustomed to funerals of this sort in her family and has probably learned to suffer bereavement with a good deal of stolidity. Whenever Canadian interests have been at stake during the discussion of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States, and a sacrifice had to be offered, a Canadian ram could always be found in the thicket. After a while the Canadian gentleman-goat will acquire sense enough to keep off the mountain when he sees an expectant altar smoking for a peace-offering, for he must have learned by this time that the faggots will never scorch the imperial Isaac as long as the colonial "Billy" has his horns tangled in international diplomacy. This beautiful metaphor is intended to inculcate the lesson that we had better take our horns off and nibble the dewy grass as the bleating kid rather than become roast mutton for people whom we have been accustomed to bunt with our bony heads. And it might be intimated to our gentle mother across the sea that while we are thoroughly loyal and ready to sizzle for the Empire, it might be wise to offer up less of these burnt-offerings for fear there be no more stock left on the Canadian farm.

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Did you ever notice how two-sided Toronto is? I don't mean morally or religiously or politically, but geographically. Yonge street might almost be the Detroit river it is so thoroughly a dividing line as to the residence and local sentiment of Toronto. Did you ever notice that people who live on the east side scarcely ever go to live in the west end? I don't refer to workingmen who select their residence according to the location of their employment but to the residents who would find one side of the town as convenient to their business as the other. The west side people wonder how people can live in the east, while east side folks think it would be going out of town to live in the woods if the moving vans hauled their goods and chattels across Frank Smith's rutted rubicon into St. Patrick's or St. Stephen's ward.

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At Napanee a young man named Chandreau shot his wife and after making his escape from the town shot himself dead. The murderer had only been married about six months and shot his wife because she had gone home to her father and would not live with him. That a man kills himself for a woman is no sign that he loves her. As a rule it proves nothing more than that the man is a dangerous fool. But when, as in the case in point, before committing suicide, he endeavors to kill the object of his alleged affections, it is established that he is a murderous fool. It has been said the whole world loves a lover, and every lover is to a certain extent a fool. It is in this way that lots of fools who are not lovers, only crazy egotists, are included in the world's sympathy. One can't help following the poor devil as he ran frantically over the ice after the attempt to kill his wife, and feel half sorry for him as he put his pistol to his head and blew to pieces the place that ought to have held his brains. He was young and but half a year married. The dream of a happy future with his wife was still a part of his being, and when that dream ended his life was worthless to him, and his passion for her was sufficient to make him resolve that in death they should not be separated. This seems text enough to base a little romance upon, and, without inquiring beyond the few facts which the meager press despatch has given us, it is worth while to inquire into the motives and circumstances which surround such tragedies.

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How many wives do you know who have left their husbands? When I say left their husbands, I mean exactly what I say. There are unions which cease because they become undesirable to both contracting parties, and there are husbands who leave their wives because they are too lazy to support them, too jealous to live with them, or have reason to believe that they are unworthy of a husband's confidence. Putting these to one side, and they are few, how many women do you know who, after having married a man and taken that irrevocable vow to love, honor and obey him, have packed their trunk and gone back to their father's house? What kind of women were they? If they never became reconciled to their husbands, what sort of life did they lead? What of joy or contentment fell to their lot? If their desertion of their husbands took place after years of marital life, and they took their babies home with them for "grandpa" to take care of, what was the result? I don't reckon anybody can understand questions of this kind unless they call to mind the examples they have known. One example is worth a thousand proverbs.

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I have known a good many who could not live with their husbands and went back home to their ma, but I have yet to see the first happy result.

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A young woman who has had a happy home gets married, and her husband likes her when she is good-tempered and hates her when she is cross-grained and snappish. As a rule it takes them five or ten years to get well enough acquainted to keep their hands out of one another's hair. If they haven't any sense, it will take them about five hundred years to learn to hold their tongue when they have anything to say which will be apt to raise a row.

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The first years of wedded life are full of trials which come no more when the couple have learned to pull together in double harness. The marriage ceremony does not settle the future of a couple any more than baptism makes their eternal salvation sure. They will have much to suffer, much to forgive, many trials to undergo before marital happiness will abide with them. Of course there are reasons which justify a woman leaving her husband, but they are few. On the thousand temptations to forsake her new home I have not space to dwell. It is a bigger subject than I thought it was when I started in to write and I will have to adjourn it till next week, and those who may have any suggestions to offer will please me very much by sending me a line which I will utilize in another column.

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THE SOFT IMPEACHMENT.

For Letterpress see page 6.

Our Story Illustrations.

It will not detract from the interest of the two-part story, In Good Faith, which appears in our columns this week, to know that the illustrations in it were executed by the great English artist, George Du Maurier. Mr. Du Maurier has been on the staff of *Punch* for many years, and his society sketches in that much-abused comic journal have made him famous all over the world.

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There was a notable gathering of men learned in the law at The Dale. Rosedale, on Wednesday evening, the occasion being a dinner by Mr. John Hoskin, Q.C., to some forty members of the Bench and Bar in Toronto. The table was laid out most artistically with the choicest of viands and the finest of silver plate. Orchids and other rare plants and flowers in bloom, taken for the occasion from the extensive conservatories attached to the residence, adorned the tables, while artificial light was supplied by many wax candles, and various colored fairy lights, the whole making a most beautiful effect.

The following gentlemen were present: Chancellor Boyd, Sir Adam Wilson, Mr. Justice Burton, Mr. Justice Osler, Mr. Justice Ferguson, Mr. Justice Rose, Judge McDougall, Sheriff Mowat, Deputy Att'y-Gen'l Johnstone, Messrs. B. B. Osler, Q.C., James Maclennan, Q.C., Dr. McMichael, Q.C., John Bain, Q.C., W. A. Foster, Q.C., Alfred Hoskin, Q.C., W.H.M. Murray, Henry O'Brien, James Foy, Q.C., Oliver Howland, J. H. Ferguson, C. J. Holman, C. Ritchie, Q.C., J. K. Kerr, Q.C. J.A. Worrell. W. Barwick, E. D. Armour, A. H. Marsh, A.H. F. Lefroy, W. D. Gwynne, W. H. Blake, Chas. Carpmael, F. W. Harcourt.

Mr. Hoskin also gave a dinner on Thursday of last week to members of the University Senate, the professors, and some of the judges, —some thirty-five in all, which was a most enjoyable affair and worthy of the reputation for dinner giving which is enjoyed by the host and his charming lady.

The handsome residence of Mr. Robert Simpson, Bloor street east, was thrown open to the numerous friends of the family on Friday evening of last week. Dancing was the piece de resistance, and was thoroughly enjoyed by its devotees. Cards and smoking-rooms offered a variation in enjoyment for such of the sterner sex as chose to so indulge. By-the-way, is not this a sensible provision for superfluous men—married ones of course?

The hostess and her charming daughter are perfect in the science of being agreeable and on the occasion fully maintained their enviable reputation for kind and wholesouled welcomes.

Another very successful drive, under the auspices of the Toronto sleighing club, took place last Saturday. Some five and twenty sleighs were at the rendezvous in the Queen's Park at half-past four. More than usual was made of the actual drive, for though the terminus was at no greater distance than the Humber, yet the route chosen by Mr. Hamilton Merritt, who with his smart tandem and dog-cart sleigh led the procession, was anything but direct. At first, to the north up the Avenue Road, then along the straight concession line road at the back of the Rosedale ridge, and finally by many a cross road and country lane, through High Park to the Humber. At the hotel at that place there seemed to be less trouble than usual in finding stabling for the horses, hostlers seemed to abound, and with their help the work of harnessing and starting at eleven p.m. was accomplished without much confusion. Dinner consisted of the bill of fare which members of the club have by this time come to know so well. I suppose in the country they despise such humble viands as beef or mutton. Now the flesh of the turkey roasted and cold is not a bad dish, and it is improved by ham. But one may have too much of a good thing, and the Toronto sleighing club have had too much turkey and ham. The visit of a large party from town on the previous night had necessitated a washing of the ball-room floor, so some time had to be spent in scraping wax candles, and in dancing polkas to rub the wax in. Eventually the floor of the long, narrow room was all that could be desired. The Italian harpers played their best, and dancing was kept up with vigor. Finally town was reached not much before midnight.

The success of an undertaking always causes a certain amount of jealousy to those who have not been a party to it. The Toronto sleighing club having succeeded beyond the hopes of those who formed it, there have been found certain ill-conditioned and green-eyed persons of the elders amongst the female sex, who have lately made it their business to sneer at the club, and to disparage it on account of the vague and exaggerated rumors of certain events at its meetings, which have reached their ears. The club is too essentially the fashion, and has become far too popular an institution to be harmed by the misdirected efforts of any such ill-wishers. They will only injure themselves; nor should they be surprised if, in the future, invitations to them or their families to attend the club's drives are not extended by the members.

For the third or fourth time this year, the elite of society attended a pleasant At Home at the house of Mrs. Stephen Heward, on Friday last. Among Mrs. Heward's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Miss Thorburn, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Torrance, Miss A. Vankoughnet, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Miss Yarker, Miss Maud Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Grace, Boulton, Miss Boulton, the Messrs. Boulton, Messrs. Fox, Small, Blake, Cassimer Dickson, Shanly, Capt. Sears, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Miss Campbell, Mr. Mayne Campbell.

An expedition to spend Saturday and Sunday, or Sunday and Monday at the Falls, if the affair is properly managed, and people who suit each other well only are asked, has always turned out great fun (to use a popular and expressive phrase). A party of such a kind had been organized by Miss May Jones and Mr. Gordon Jones to start last Saturday. The notice given being too short for some of those whom they wished to secure, the affair was postponed for one week, until to-day.

A skating party organized by the above lady and gentleman in honor of their guest, Miss Ross, took place last Friday evening. The ice at the Granite Rink seemed to have been a good deal used during the day, and was only in fair condition. Such a small drawback could not, however, interfere greatly with the pleasure of Miss Jones' carefully selected guests. Supper at Mrs. Jones' artistic house on Church street was a merry ending to a pleasant and healthy evening. It was midnight, and snow was falling fast ere people sought their homes.

The concert at the Association hall on Tuesday evening was an unmistakable social and musical event for Toronto, and, as such, a great success, although hardly attaining the financial expectations of this deserving charity. The programme contained only four names, and was entirely vocal. Mrs. MacKelcan of Hamilton deserved the applause she received, and added another to her Toronto triumphs. Her numbers were the success of the evening. She sang first a duett with Mr. Warrington, in which both acquitted themselves favorably, but her rendering of Yellow Roses was delightful, and she sang for an encore a little Scotch song, accompanying herself, but refused to give a second encore.

Miss Robinson hardly did herself justice, whether from fatigue or cold I know not, but her voice lacked the usual sweetness and sympathy so well known and beloved here. And there was a tendency to adapt the tremolo, which in a person of Miss Robinson's knowledge and cultivation is rather surprising, and—I don't like to say it—detracts from the favorable impression her voice would otherwise have. Nevertheless her two solos, Is a Portrait and I Hardly Know, won a hearty encore, to which she responded by singing The Song For Me with decided improvement. Capt. Geddes' The Heir Believed it True, from Mignon, was hardly a happy choice of song for a concert, but he sang well without doubt, as he always does, his perfect intonation and cultivation winning him a goodly share in the laurels of the evening. His duet with Miss Robinson, Friendship, is familiar to Toronto audiences, and was evidently appreciated. Mr. Warrington gave a manly and beautiful rendering of Good Company, and as an encore Twenty Years Ago. The quartettes Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon and Jack Frost were very sweet.

The hall was well filled during the concert with many of society's favorites, amongst whom I saw Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, the Misses Grace and Amy Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Mr. Douglas Armour, Miss Armour of Cobourg, Mr. and Miss M. Spratt, Mrs. George Crawford, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. Rutherford, Dr. and Mrs. Keefer, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mrs. W. Gwynne, Miss and Mr. Gordon Jones, Miss Ross of Liverpool, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Miss Crooks, Miss Dupont and Miss Amy Dupont, Mrs. Hugh J. Macdonald, Miss Vankoughnet, Mr. A. H. S. Vankoughnet, Mr. Powell Roberts, Mrs. and the Misses Merritt, Mr. Edif Heward and Miss Mabel Heward, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mr. and Miss Shanley, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Ben Cronyn, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Chas. and Miss Temple, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. Beverley Robinson, Mr. A. St. George Boulton, Mr. Chris. Boulton, Mrs. Thos. Hodgins, Mr. Percy and Miss Hodgins, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Miss Dewar of Hamilton, Mr. Frank MacKelcan, Q.C., of Hamilton, Mr. Hugh Leach, Mr. R. Moffatt, the Misses Birchall, Mr. Fox, Mr. George Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Arthur Baldwin, the Misses Larratt Smith, Miss Hector, Mr. and Mrs. Cas. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Baines, Miss Covernton, Mr. Tom Bright, Miss Bright, Mrs. Williamson, Miss Isabel Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Monk, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mr. Dudgeon, the Misses Beatty, the Misses McLean, Mrs. Philip Todd, Miss Strathy of Kingston, Miss Cumberland, the Misses Osler, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Mabel Cawthra, Mr. Herbert Cawthra, Victor and Miss Maud Cawthra, Mr. Brock, Mrs. and Miss Otter, the Misses Morgan, Capt. Macdougall, Mr. James Ince, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. George Jones, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Brouse, Mrs. R. H. Bethune, Miss Bethune, Mr. Geo. W. Beardmore, Miss Beardmore, Mr. Wynder Strathy, Mr. Bernard of India, Mr. Clarence Bogert, Mrs. John Heward, Mrs. H. Grasett Baldwin, Mr. and Miss Morris, Mr. Bristol, Miss Brough, Mrs. and Miss Lockhart, Miss Beatty, the Misses McKellar, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Payne, Mrs. Fred Grasett, Mrs. H. D. Ellis, Mr. Walter Wilson, the Misses Meredith, Mrs. Scarth, the Misses Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Townsend, Miss Moss, Mr. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Miss Stuart.

There were many pretty costumes worn by the ladies on this occasion, and the bright incandescent light seemed to show them to greater advantage. Mrs. MacKelcan wore an evening gown of a deep tan silk. The skirt was finely pleated, and had an overdress and drapery of embroidered lisse. The bodice had folds of moss green velvet extending over the shoulder and terminating in a point back and front at the waist. A large spray of pink roses at the bust were a coup de grace to the costume. Miss Robinson wore a high-necked black-jetted lace evening dress over red satin and a magnificent diamond star at her throat. Among the audience I noticed two remarkably smart effects. One was worn by Mrs. George Torrance, presumably of Parisian creation, being the combination of a grayish green cashmere and pearl gray brocaded satin. The skirt had kilted panels of the latter, and the bodice, fitting her notably graceful figure, was trimmed with velvet of the dark shade with vest of the satin. She wore a duck of a bonnet, composed of the two shades and pointed high in front. Mrs. Hugh J. Macdonald's was the other and consisted of a crushed strawberry cashmere and coffee lace bonnet to match. This was strikingly becoming to the wearer. Mrs. H. D. Ellis also looked well in a mauve and violet velvet evening dress. Miss Heward was in a high-necked black satin and lace frock with green ribbons.

In the sales-room the center was made into a flower stall, presided over by the Misses Osler, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Milfort Boulton, Miss Mabel Cawthra (who looked charming in white, with large Gainsborough hat with drooping feathers) Miss Hodgins, and others. At the lower end of the room the Misses Bethune, Miss Temple, Mrs. Temple, and others dispensed refreshments, and in another corner a place was reserved for fancy goods and articles, this being looked after by Mrs. J.K. Kerr, Mrs. John Cawthra, and Mrs. Merritt. Here Bayley's orchestra played periodically popular tunes from Erminie, etc., on a raised platform, which in no way interfered with the concert in the hall, and contributed to the completion of the evening's entertainment.

After the concert and sale in the Association hall on Tuesday evening, Mrs. Frank Hodgins had a number of the performers and helpers to supper at her place in Rosedale, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Judge and the Misses Morgan, Miss Dewar of Hamilton and others.

Nearly two hundred invitations were issued for an At Home at the residence of Mrs. John Burns, 222 Simcoe street, on Saturday, February 18. Everything was bright and pleasant, and soft music came floating from behind the scenes. Among those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Gunther, Dr. and Mrs. Wishart, Mrs. MacMurchy, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Keys, Miss Keys, Mr. Broberg, Miss Morse, the Misses Carruthers, Miss Barber, Miss Kennedy, Miss Eva Kennedy, the Misses Lukes, Mr. and Mrs. Cockshutt, Mr. J. Scott, Mrs. and Miss Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ill, Mrs. Carruthers, Mrs. Morse, Mr. H. F. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. J. George, Miss George, Miss Sinclair, Mr. and Miss Macdonald, Miss Ewing, Mr. Ewing, Mr. C. Brown, Mr. Early, Mr. Lyon, Mr. Martin.

The Harmony club, which has achieved such fame in divers ways since its organization some three years ago, has secured Signor D'Auria of the Conservatory as conductor of the club, and intends producing this spring something entirely superior to any of its former operatic efforts. What opera is decided upon is not yet divulged, although I believe the chorus are very soon to commence work. They have secured rooms in Landsdowne hall, College street west; and when the musical portion of the opera is near completion, they intend bringing a competent professional from New York to stage manage the business. So that the Toronto public may be prepared to see a really excellent operatic performance in the spring. The departure of Miss Robinson for New York will be a severe loss to the club, as she has always been such an active worker in it and done so much towards the success of the performances—but still not an irremediable, though a sad, loss.

I have often wondered how it is that so much talent of a certain kind, accumulating itself in Toronto, has been allowed to lie stagnant and mouldering in disuse. I refer to the talent for acting. When the inimitable Capt. Andros was here, he who is the prince of amateurs in Canada, this was not allowed, but then wherever Capt. Andros is, he is bound to ferret out the capabilities of the place, and try them to their utmost limits. But lovers and lights of the amateur stage here did not bezin and end with him, although he was the center star, around which the others blazed. Why do these remaining enthusiasts not blaze for themselves?

They can do it.

I could name a dozen—two dozen—prominent society people who seem cut out for the stage, who could shine and dazzle there, and any number more whose ability remains untried but might be capable of great things. Why do they not they give private theatricals at their own homes instead of afternoon teas, musicales, etc. A hostess need not have any trouble, need not even understand anything about the mimic stage, simply give some capable amateur carte blanche, and instruct him to produce a good performance. It would not be costly. Not so costly, I doubt, as some of these large, and now rather overdone, At Homes. There are any number of houses in Toronto whose construction and capacity would allow of this.

Then again there is the public amateur stage. With all our talent we have perhaps one performance a year, and it is of a very unambitious character, where no scope is given to an amateur with melodramatic, or tragical, tendencies; only the burlesque or the ridiculous is acted. Let me make a suggestion. There are all Sheridan's plays, instructive and entertaining. The School for Scandal is a never-ending source of amusement and moral education. There is London Assurance, A Scrap of Paper, New Men and Old Acres, Ingomar, Lady of Lyons, etc. I could name hundreds within the capabilities of Toronto amateurs, and that would give a splendid chance for the development of amateur talent of all kinds and styles, if they were only tried.

In New York society to-day there are numerous amateur theatrical clubs, and some performance of the kind by one of them occurs nearly every week or so. This is carried so far that there are accepted amateur stars, of whom a short time ago, previous to entering on her professional career, Mrs. James Brown Potter was the head, and Miss Elsie de Wolfe now takes her place. Miss de Wolfe, while on a visit to Europe last year, studied under some of the most famous theatrical professors in Paris, the same as instructed Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Brown Potter and others; and moreover, brought back with her many gorgeous costumes for stage use.

One club in New York at present is negotiating for the building of a private theater on forty-second street, which is to be about the size of the Lyceum, and a seat in which, when finished, will cost for one performance $20. This will be entirely for the club's own use, and entrance to it restricted to members of the club only and their friends, who would be quite willing to pay that price for the sake of being seen there. Thus only the ultra-fashionables can possibly be admitted, and presence there would invest a person with prestige.

It is only a lack of energy, in this, as in every other thing, that makes Toronto hostesses so behind hand in originating novel entertainments for their guests. One lady has instituted walking parties, for which all ought to be devoutly grateful to her. But how long was it since any one had struck a novel or new mode of entertainment until then, and how long will it be before another comes? Is it because there is so little originality in Toronto, or because we have not the courage to dare to be original? I often puzzle over that question, and sometimes answer one way and sometimes another. The kindest conclusion to arrive at, or to announce, is that Toronto people lack energy rather than originality or moral courage.

Comic or burlesque opera always draws well in Toronto, and this week has been a harvest for Mr. Sheppard. Crowds have attended the Grand Opera House every night this week to see Dorothy, and amongst them many, if not all, the fashionables have been seen once, twice and even three times, there. On Wednesday night there were many theater parties—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Heinaman, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Messrs. Hume Blake and Gamble Geddes were in one box; Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Hodgins, Miss Laura Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Harry Gamble and Capt. Sears, Mr. Fox and Mr. A. St. George Boulton formed another party, occupying two boxes. In the orchestra were Mrs. John Heward and party, composed of Miss Alice Heward, Mr. George Jones, Miss Laidlaw, Mr. Gordon Heward, and Mr. Goldingham. A short distance from them were Mr. Edin Heward and his sister. Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford and the Misses Rutherford were in the orchestra and amongst others I noticed Mr. A. J. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Brock, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Mr. George W. and Miss Beardmore, Miss Dawson and Mr. Willoughby Crooks, Mrs. George W. Torrance with Mr. and Miss Spratt and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Arthur Spragge and Mr. Kenneth Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Cosby, Miss Stuart and Mr. Broderick, Mr. George Stimson, Mr. W. Standish Lowe and Mr. Hollyer, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham and Miss Gooderham, Miss Strathy of Kingston and Mr. Strathy, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mr. George Michie.

I notice that the ladies of Toronto have adopted the French style of wearing their fur boas with their decolette gowns at the theater, and I must congratulate them on the becoming effect of the fashion. Miss Campbell, I believe, set the fashion here; when I saw her at a performance some time ago, I thought then what a great addition to the toilet it was, although slightly incongruous. Mrs. Harcourt Vernon's diamond necklace and pin ornaments were especially remarkable on Wednesday night, and set off the beauty of her gown of some bright color.

I was glad to notice few bonnets, because there is nothing makes men so angry, and women too, (if they happen to get behind one) than to have a huge bonnet bobbing about in front of their eyes, and obstructing their vision of the stage. I think it is such bad taste and selfishness in a woman not to avail herself of the opportunity thus offered to at least remove her bonnet even if she cannot come in evening dress.

Mr. Jos. W. Beatty gave a dinner to about a dozen gentlemen last Friday in honor of an old Toronto man, Mr. George Harris. Mr. Harris is a brother of Mrs. Hoskins, Murray street, and Mrs. Wyatt, Simcoe street, and brother-in-law of Mrs. Wm. Harris, Toronto.

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Table Ornaments, fine variety,
Breakfast, Dinner and Dessert Sets,
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Mazeppa's Real Story.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The following story, illustrative of the fine picture of Mazeppa which is printed in this issue, will be read with interest by our readers:

A portrait of Mazeppa, painted from life, has been discovered at Kief, in Southern Russia, and is being engraved by the Russian academician, Dementery Kowkosky. It will surprise nearly everyone who hears that Mazeppa was a real living man, who could sit for his portrait—he seems so like a purely mythical being, like Bellerophon, or like one of the Amazons. Yet he was a real man, and cut quite a figure in his part of the world some 200 years ago.

John Stephanovitch Mazeppa was a Cossack, who made successful war upon the savage Tartars who desolated Southern Russia, driving them back to the Caspian. This so recommended him to Peter the Great that he invited the Cossack to his court and covered him with honors and gifts. But when Peter sent him against the invading Swedes, under Charles XII., he betrayed the Russians and went over, with his followers, to the enemy.

Peter defeated them both and drove them both into Turkish territory, where, fearing to fall into the hands of his former relentless master, Mazeppa killed himself. He had before this hidden all the treasures which he had amassed in his wars and through gifts from those he had served, in caverns in the hills around Kief. The portrait now discovered was probably hidden at this time.

The incident by which alone we know him actually did occur. He was by birth a Cossack, but when very young he was sent to serve as a page in the court of the Polish King. There his beauty and bravery won him great favor, especially with the ladies. With one of them, the wife of a certain noble, he was suspected of too great friendliness, and the jealous husband, in revenge, ordered him to be bound naked to the back of a wild horse that had never been ridden. The horse was a tartar from the Steppes, and when loosed he rushed madly back to his native country, with the unwilling rider bound to his back. The Cossacks rescued the unhappy youth when nearly dead from exhaustion, and he grew up among them, remarkable for strength and bravery. Byron got his story out of Voltaire's Life of Charles XII, and worked it up into his dashing and attractive poem.

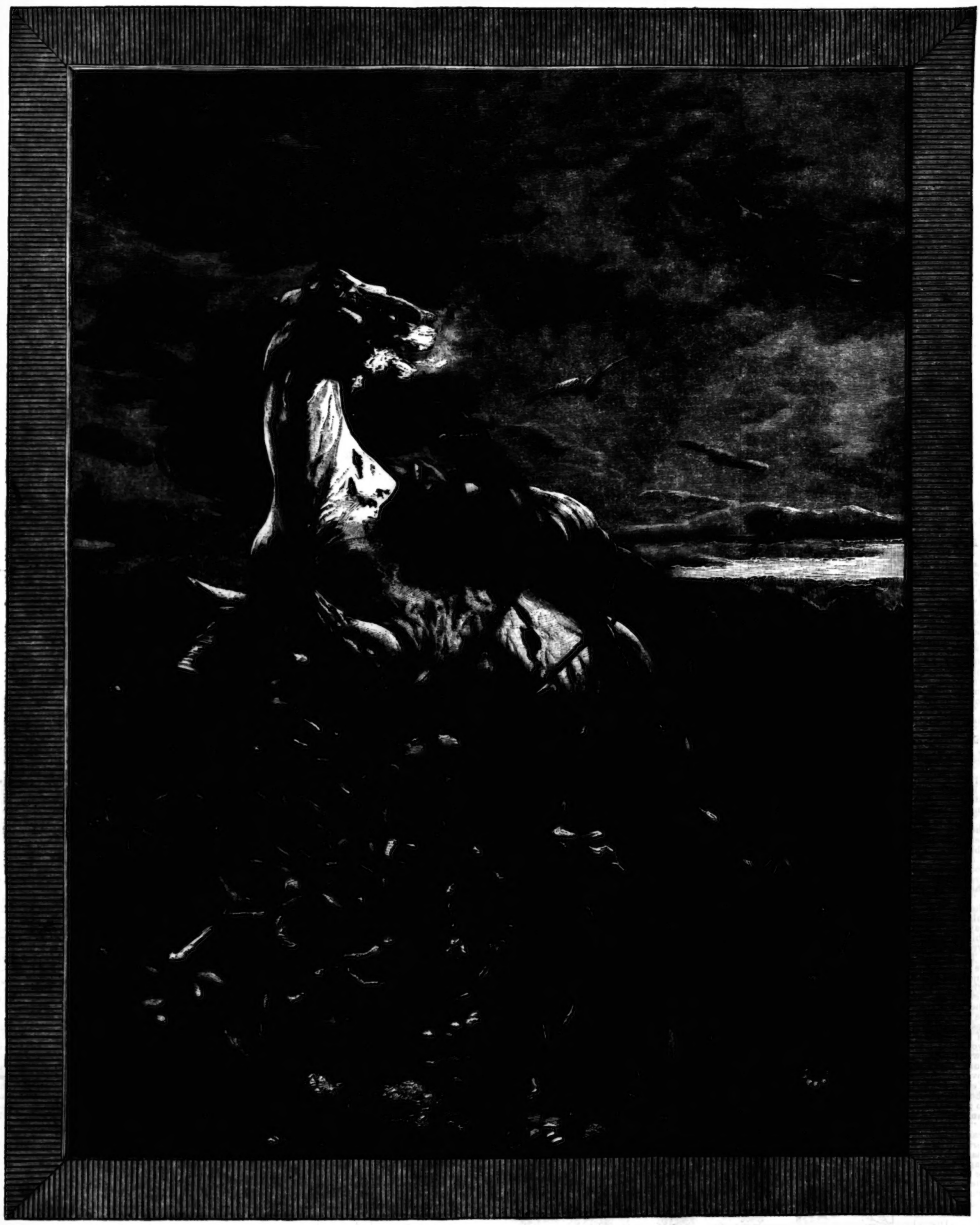
A story so dramatic was at once seized upon for adaptation to the stage, and it was presented as early as 1725 by an Englishman named Hunter. He was also a very handsome man and made a great stir in London.

The picture of Mazeppa bound to the horse's back, which everybody knows so well, was painted by Horace Vernet, one of the greatest of French artists. Vernet, of course, got his inspiration from Byron, to whom we all owe what knowledge we may have of the brilliant Cossack rider and soldier.

Mazeppa's real motives for betraying Peter are not certainly known. The Poles, who look upon him as a hero, always have maintained that he had in view the welfare of the Polish nation, and they point to the fact that he stipulated with the Swedish king for the independence of Poland.

If this be the truth it gives a certain dignity to the act, but the Russian story runs more in accord with what otherwise is known of him. They say he was led to go over to the enemy by the blandishments of a certain Polish princess. This would better correspond with the rest of his adventurous career.

Few men, however, who are simply adventurers get their actions recorded by a historian like Voltaire, and celebrated by a poet like Byron, and painted by a master like Vernet, and get to be known by all school boys who speak the English language, and all this, not from any act of doing, but one of suffering merely. A better man might find it disagreeable to be personated before the public by some of the persons who have represented Mazeppa in this city in recent times.



MAZEPPA.

The Household.

As housekeepers beginning in a small way may experience some difficulty in arranging the work of the house, it may be a help to them to hear how I manage mine. My house consists of three sitting-rooms, four-bed-rooms, bath-room, kitchen, and scullery. We breakfast at eight o'clock, lunch at half-past one, and dine at seven o'clock.

Some people think it is less trouble and cheaper to dine early and have a meat tea, but I have come to the conclusion that it is much better to have a good breakfast of, say, fried bacon and boiled eggs or fish and eggs, varied with cold ham, ham toast (for which I will send you a recipe another time) and other little breakfast dishes. It gives one a good start for the day, a light lunch of a little cold meat or soup, bread and jam or cheese and then a nice comfortable little dinner at seven o'clock, the servant having her dinner at the same hour. By this arrangement the servant has the entire morning for doing her work without being taken off it to cook an early dinner. A late dinner is, I feel sure, better in every way, as the tea and meat do not go well together, the tea often producing sleeplessness. It is a great matter to get all the cleaning done before two o'clock, so that the kitchen can be tidied up and the servant dressed by three o'clock or half-past, the silver and tins can be cleaned in the afternoon. Every day should have its own work, so that all the rooms get thoroughly turned out once a fortnight. I may here add that the furniture should be cleaned with polish at least three times a year; the kitchen and hall being so constantly used, require cleaning every week. The mistress, I think, should assist her servant as much as possible in little ways, especially if she is at all house-proud, and likes to see everything looking bright and clean.

People with small means generally have a little washing done at home, such as bed-room towels, handkerchiefs, servant's under-linen, toilet-covers, d'oyleys, kitchen towels, flannels, stockings, etc. Tuesday morning is a good day for it, as the articles requiring washing can be sorted on Monday and put into soak so as to be quite ready the first thing the following morning; the boiler should be filled and fire laid also on Monday, to prevent delay; the ironing can be done on Wednesday afternoon, Thursday and Friday afternoons being devoted to cleaning silver, tins, etc.

My custom is to allow my servant out every Sunday till nine o'clock, she has friends near with whom she goes to church; two o'clock is our dinner hour on Sunday, tea at five, and supper at nine o'clock. I think opportunities ought to be made to allow the servant out during the week, for health's sake, especially where there is only one, as naturally it must be dull for her, being so much alone; I often send mine out (when there is time) on errands, in order to let her have a little fresh air. I also give her a holiday once a month.

In a small household especially it is a good plan to have an at home day; Monday is a suitable day, there being, as a rule, cold meat for dinner, so that the servant is free to answer the door and bring in tea, etc.; the drawing room fire could be always lit on that day in winter, which will air the room, and this is very necessary to keep the piano and furniture in good order, damp being such a destroyer. I find it a good plan to open all the windows in the house when there is a nice dry wind.

HARICOT BEAN SOUP.—Steep over night a breakfast-cupful of haricot beans, well washed, in three pints of white stock (the liquor in which mutton, veal, or fowl has been boiled), then boil all together, adding two onions and a little salt, until quite soft enough to pass through a wire sieve. Boil half a pint of sweet milk and add it to the soup before sending to table, flavoring with a little chopped parsley, cayenne, pounded mace, and grated nutmeg, a small piece of lemon rind, and a little butter. The yolk of an egg is an improvement. This soup should be the consistency of thick cream.

FISH SOUP.—Take the liquor that a fish has been boiled in (boil the fish in as little as possible), add to it all the bones and trimmings, a few white peppercorns, a little mace, and half a dozen Jerusalem artichokes, allow all this to simmer for four hours, strain and thicken, adding a little cream, a lump of butter, and also the yolk of an egg, if liked (two anchovies instead of artichokes make the soup like oyster soup).

FISH BALLS.—The remains of any cold fish, freed from skin and bone, a teacupful of stale bread-crumbs, a little finely-chopped suet, a scant half-a-teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, a little cayenne and pounded mace, a pinch of salt, a little cold sauce left from the day before, about a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce; mix these ingredients well together, and make into balls, roll them in flour, and fry in boiling fat a nice light brown.

Having only one servant I always make such little dishes myself in the morning, and have them ready for her to cook, as, of course, she would not have time to do that kind of thing and attend to her other duties as well.

A Vassar girl says that a gentleman visiting at the college, then and now a trustee of Vassar, once occupied one of the guest chambers, and when he went to bed he left his shoes outside the door as if he were in an hotel. Some of the girls who were up at an early hour saw the boots, and thought it would be a good joke to "do the bootblack act" themselves. They did, and when they returned the shoes, they stuck in each a handsome bouquet of flowers. The trustee was half abashed and altogether surprised when he realized how he had been honored. Tradition tells his name as that of Benson J. Lossing, the historian.

At a pension in Paris, Mrs. Garfield is stopping with her daughter Molly, and Mrs. Garfield's sister, Mrs. Mason. It appears that Mrs. Garfield and her daughter came to Paris to be with Mrs. Mason during the severe illness of Mrs. Mason's daughter. The daughter is engaged to marry her cousin, young Garfield, who is at present studying at Oxford. The Garfields will remain in Paris for several weeks. Mrs. Garfield is described as dressing in very deep mourning and wearing only a thin wedding ring on her left hand. Miss Molly Garfield has grown to be a tall, blonde girl, pretty, but with a slightly irritable look in her face, or at least, it is destitute of all cheerfulness.

An extremely delicate case came before the justice of the peace at Tulle, in France, the other day. One of the beauties of the town ordered a pair of stays, but as they did not fit she refused them. Thereupon the *corsetier* brought an action for payment. The judge, having heard both sides, rose majestically to his feet, and, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, pronounced the following gem of a judgment: "Whereas the point at issue is whether the corset in question does or does not fit; whereas, to settle this question, it would be necessary to have the said corset before us, and it has not been produced in court; whereas, even if it were produced, it would have to be tried on in our presence; and whereas, even then, to decide whether it fitted the lady or not, we should need special talents and faculties which are not within our sphere—for these reasons, we proclaim ourselves incompetent to settle the difference, and therefore dismiss the case."

A Montreal marriage which has been but slightly noted in the papers yet has in it something of interest, is that of Miss Smith, the daughter, or rather the stepdaughter, of Sir Donald Smith, to Mr. Gerard Howard. Sir Donald is an immensely rich man, in fact one of the richest in Canada, and was knighted for the services, money and patronage he gave in establishing the Canada Pacific railroad. His people are of the plainest stock, and his energy and millions have made his success in life. Last year Miss Smith became engaged, it is said, to a son of the late Lord Iddesleigh, one of whose younger sons, by the way, Hon. Oliver Northcote, is well-known here as the son-in-law of the Hon. Hamilton Fish. The sprig of nobility who was willing to connect himself with the plain family of Smith was dissatisfied with the settlements which the worthy Sir Donald proposed making upon the bride, and deeming the price not high enough to pay for the son of an earl, he calmly retired from the contemplated alliance. Miss Smith, who is anything but pretty, and is indeed a remarkably plain-looking girl, is apparently contented with smaller game, and Mr. Gerard Howard, who is her junior by ten years, and considered a fortune hunter, is to have a bride with $2,000,000.

FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

IN GOOD FAITH

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

"After all, the world is not an unpleasant place. A man has his worries and bothers, and if he expects to live from Sunday morning to Saturday night without any rubs, he must be a fool. But a little patience pulls one through, and when all's said and done, there are more good days than bad ones."

It was Mr. Preston, senior partner in the well-known firm of Preston & Preston, solicitors of Westhampton, who uttered this opinion, which came a little oddly from the lips of an old lawyer, and certainly did not agree in tone with those for which he was in the habit of charging six-and-eightpence. He did not, however, give utterance to it in his office, but in the garden of his pretty country house at Lingwould, five good miles away from parchments and japanned boxes; and the hour was half-past eight on a still June evening and the nightingales were singing and the roses were in bloom, and a decanter of Chateau-Margaux stood on the little table at his elbow, and, best of all, he was alone, so that he could talk any nonsense that he pleased without danger of contradiction. He had, it is true, some special reasons for optimism at the moment; but even in default of these he might have been excused for thinking well of a world which had brought him nothing but prosperity. He had succeeded early in life to an excellent business, which by industry and integrity he had converted into a yet more excellent one; he had married a worthy woman, who had not only never given him the faintest cause to complain of her, but had provided him with an eldest son and partner of irreproachable merit; and now in his old age he was at liberty, if so pleased him, to twirl his thumbs, drink his claret, and bud his roses, procul negotiis.

But it is a part of human nature to demand cares, and to create them if they will not come unbidden. Mr. Preston, with plenty of money, with a sufficiency of occupation, with attached and well-conducted family, and with robust health, had contrived to treat himself to the additional luxury of a standing anxiety in the person of his niece, Miss Violet Ripley, and her fortune. Neither the one nor the other should have disturbed him much, seeing that Miss Ripley, who was his ward as well as his niece, had always shown herself quite a model young lady, and that a good round sum of money, becoming rounder year by year while waiting to be spent, cannot be counted among the evil things of life. But every medal has its reverse, and if a man be but determined to vex himself, he will generally carry out his purpose in this way or in that.

Violet Ripley, as a pretty little orphan, amply provided for, had not originally presented herself to her guardian in the light of an incumbrance or a trouble. Mayfield was a good-sized house, and a little girl to grow up among his own three sons, to soften their manners and not suffer them to become wild, was what no judicious parent could object to. It was when the little girl developed into a big girl, and her fortune, growing quietly with her growth, had reached the imposing total of £40,000, that Mr. Preston began to see breakers ahead. No one had ever accused this upright gentleman and conscientious legal adviser of greed, and indeed Mrs. Preston was wont to repeat to all who would listen to her that her husband was the best of men; yet, since even the best of men is not perfect, it may be admitted that he had the one small failing of being a little too fond of money. For his niece's personality, which he had carefully nursed during so many years, he had acquired a quasi-paternal affection, and it went to his heart to think that, sooner or later, those self-propagating guineas would have to be handed over to his nieece's husband.

The first time that he conceived the notion of keeping them in the family he experienced a certain sensation of shame; but upon further reflection he asked himself "Why not?" He was not going to coerce anybody: he would not even take upon him to offer advice; he would merely make a suggestion. And so, when Violet was nineteen and his eldest son Thomas had reached the age of eight-and-twenty, he pointed out to the latter that, with £40,000 lying, so to speak, at one's feet, one need not be at the pains of scouring the county in search of a wife. But Thomas, it appeared, had already scoured the county, had found the wife that suited him, and therefore there was no more to be said. Mr. Preston sighed, swallowed his disappointment, and welcomed his daughter-in-law kindly. After all, he thought, Thomas, who was already comfortably off, had less need to marry an heiress than William, who had been for some years a subaltern in a marching regiment. Then came disappointment the second. William wanted to see the world—didn't want to marry Violet—didn't think he wanted to marry at all, and cut all argument short by changing into a corps which was under orders for India. This was rather serious. At the time of William's departure Violet was within a few months of completing her twenty first year; without being precisely a beauty, she had more than the average share of good looks, and if Mr. Preston had not had a third string to his bow he would have been inconsolable. His head gardener and factotum was in the habit, when contemplating a certain field which produced nothing but the worst kind of hay, of saying solemnly: "Hashes to hashes and dust to dust! If the 'oases won't eat it, the cows must." This consolatory dictum reassured Mr. Preston. "My dear, she will make an admirable wife for Bob," he said to Mrs. Preston, who agreed with him—as indeed she always agreed with him.

And Bob, a young lieutenant in the navy, fulfilled expectations. Returning, bearded and bronzed, from a long spell of foreign service, he not only fell over head and ears in love with his cousin, but had the good fortune—or so, at least, his parents flattered themselves—to secure her affection in return. For six weeks the young people had been together from morning to night. Together they had ridden, driven and danced; together they were accustomed to wander about the garden after dinner while their seniors dozed placidly. and together there seemed every reason to hope that they would spend the remainder of their lives. That it came to pass that Mr. Preston, sipping his claret in the twilight, pronounced the world to be a pleasant place.

If he could have transported himself to a spot some two hundred yards away from the arm-chair in which he was reposing, and if he could have overheard the dialogue that was being carried on there, it is quite possible that he might have modified his opinion. For, leaning over the iron fence which separated the garden from the park, was a slim, dark-haired lady whose blue eyes were flashing wrathfully, while the countenance of her companion, a good-looking young fellow with a close-cut brown beard, wore an expression of gloomy displeasure. Any casual observer who had come upon them suddenly would have felt, no doubt, that he was looking on at a lovers' quarrel. As such, however, it was not considered by the principals.

"I don't quite understand what you mean," the girl was saying with considerable dignity, "by speaking to me like this——"

"Oh," broke in the other, "I only mean what I say. Nothing more, nothing less."

"And what you say is that I am never to speak to any man without having first obtained your gracious permission."

"I don't remember saying that."

"It comes to the same thing. If you claim the right to object in one case I suppose you would claim it in all. What I can't make out is why you should think that you have a right to object in any case."

"You don't put things fairly, Vi. I told you I was sorry to see you encouraging that man Lightfoot, and I gave you my reasons for being sorry."

"Such convincing reasons! You happen to dislike him personally, and his father got into some scrape or other some time before the flood! And I don't like to be accused of 'encouraging people'; I think it a very impertinent expression."

"If dancing four times running with the same partner isn't encouragement, I don't know what is," returned the young man doggedly.

A smile broke out upon Miss Ripley's lips. "I think I remember somebody else with whom I danced more than four times that same evening," she remarked quietly.

"That was a different thing altogether. You might dance fourteen times with me and it would mean nothing. Nobody knows that better than I do."

"Oh! Still, I don't see what right you have to reproach me for dancing any number of times with another partner."

"The right of your nearest male relative present on the occasion. I don't consider myself entitled to any other."

Perhaps this was not the answer which the young lady expected. At all events it did not seem to please her. She frowned and turned away with an impatient movement, saying, "Uncle William is quite capable of taking care of me, I think."

"I dare say he is, but he can't very well take care of you in his absence, and it was only because he was absent from the ball that I took the liberty of warning you against that fortune-hunting fellow."

"How do you know that he is a fortune-hunter? I don't believe he is anything of the sort. I wish, Bob, you would sometimes allow me to forget that I have a fortune to be hunted! I wish with all my heart that I had no fortune!"

"Yet £40,000 are not to be despised," remarked the young man, with a grave smile.

"I don't despise the money, though I don't think I care about it much. What I do despise is the absurd importance that some people seem to attach to it—you, for instance."

"Forty thousand pounds at 4½ per cent. is £1,800 a year," remarked Bob, imperturbably.

"It is not a colossal income, but I don't mind admitting that I think it a comfortable one—and so, no doubt, does Mr. Lightfoot."

"At any rate he has not told me so," retorted the girl. She added rather defiantly: "He is very kind and pleasant, and he dances remarkably well, and when I know him better I dare say I shall find out that he has other good qualities. If he considers £1,800 a year a comfortable income, he is only like you and the rest of the world, it appears."

"Oh yes," replied Bob calmly. "Perhaps, if there is any difference between us, it is that I might consider a certain price too high a one to pay even for £1,800 a year, whereas I don't think that he would. But of course I may be wrongly him."

The words were somewhat ambiguous, but he really did not think that she could misunderstand them. According to his ideas—which may or may not be absurd—a naval lieutenant, with nothing except his pay and the allowance made him by his father, would be parting with no less a treasure than his self-respect by proposing marriage to a young lady of independent fortune; and no one, surely, would be so insane as to say or think that the ownership of £1,800 a year would be dearly purchased if coupled with that of so supremely lovely and charming a creature as Miss Ripley.

Yet such was the perverse construction which she was pleased to put upon his language.

"You are more frank than flattering," she remarked. "Perhaps I ought to be thankful that there are some people in the world who would be incurring the penalty. I had noides that you were so very fond of money."

"I—fond of money! Who do you mean?"

"Well, you seem to think yourself quite extraordinarily self-denying because there are certain conditions upon which you wouldn't accept it. As a general rule, that would be taken for granted. But perhaps we had better drop the subject; it isn't worth quarrelling over."

"No, Violet," answered the young man rather sadly; "I don't want to quarrel with you especially as this will be our last evening together. I'm off to Portsmouth to-morrow."

"IN THE GARDEN OF HIS PRETTY HOUSE AT LINGWOULD."

If he thought that this announcement would call forth any expression of regret or surprise from his companion, he was disappointed. She only turned and began to move in the direction of the house, saying carelessly, "Oh, I didn't know you were to go so soon."

"I have to go through a course of gunnery instruction," Bob explained; and he might have added that, if he received his lieutenancy he would join for another week, and that his lusty exit had only been decided upon within the last ten minutes. Being of an unsuspecting temperament, he had allowed himself to be led in love with his cousin without wondering why they should have been so much left alone. The almost simultaneous discovery of Bob's parental designs and the girl's own evident predilection for another suitor had convinced him that the sooner he withdrew the better it would be for his peace, and if he had adopted the unwise course of cautioning her against that suitor, it was only because he really thought ill of the man and believed himself to be above any ignoble motives of jealousy.

That same evening, after Mr. Preston had read family prayers and had gone to see that all the doors and windows were securely fastened—a duty which he could never be persuaded to delegate to any one else—Bob briefly communicated his intentions to his mother, who threw up her hands in consternation and exclaimed, "I know what it is! Violet has refused you."

"I assure you she has done nothing of the sort, mother," replied the young man, with his nose rather in the air. "Violet has not refused me, because I have not proposed to her. No doubt she would refuse me if I gave her the chance; but I am not going to give her the chance."

"Dear, dear!" sighed Mrs. Preston; "this is most unfortunate; we all thought——"

"Yes, I know you did," interrupted her son; "and you were all mistaken. I'm very sorry; but I can't help it."

"Your father will be terribly vexed," murmured the old lady.

Bob said he couldn't help that either, and to avoid further discussion went to bed.

Mr. Preston's vexation did not, however, prove to be so great as his wife had anticipated. His natural shrewdness and life-long experience had gifted him with a tolerable clear insight into human character, and he thought he knew very well why his son was hurrying away without apparent cause, and why Miss Ripley so ostentatiously abstained from expressing any regret at his retreat. When one is young one has high-flown ideas. If one is a poor lieutenant in the navy, one shrinks from declaring one's love to an heiress; if, on the other hand, one is a modest and properly brought-up young woman, one cannot properly bring oneself to speak the word. The old gentleman was not ill-pleased that his son should display a delicacy which he felt to have been somewhat lacking in himself, and expressed his conviction to Mrs. Preston that it would all come right in the end. "My dear," said he, "they are ridiculously in love with each other. Any fool could see that with half an eye."

Acquiescence in human folly and contrariety must, nevertheless, have its limits, and Mr. Preston conceived that these had been exceeded when his niece returned from her morning ride, a day or two after Bob's departure, bringing Mr. Lightfoot with her, and when she invited that gentleman to remain to luncheon. The man, sitting in the house, could scarcely well be turned out of it, but he received a very cold welcome, and no sooner had he gone away than Miss Ripley was taken to task with a severity to which she was not accustomed.

"My dear girl," said her uncle gravely, "you know, without my telling you, that all your friends are our friends, and that we are only too happy to see them here. But chance acquaintances are, as a rule, to be avoided; and I am convinced that if you knew as much of this man Lightfoot as I do, you would never have dreamt of asking him to cross my threshold."

"What do you know of him, Uncle William?"

"Oh! Nothing, perhaps, suspected of crime, that her uncle knew very little indeed about Mr. Lightfoot.

"I cannot enter into such matters with young ladies. You must take my word for it that he is a—an undesirable person."

"But everybody knows him," persisted the girl; for she had not been trained to habits of unquestioning obedience. And then she ran off a list of the country magnates at whose houses he had met the undesirable one.

"I confess that you surprise me," answered Mr. Preston, "but the difficulty remains the same. Persons of rank and position may, if their tastes incline them that way, know disreputable people without losing caste, we have not the same privilege. We are compelled to be circumspect, and for myself, I must say emphatically that I disapprove of Mr. Lightfoot, and that I should have preferred to decline his acquaintance, had I been allowed any choice in the matter."

After that, Violet could only apologize and promise that the offence should not be repeated. This she did with a very good grace; but when it was suggested to her that she also should refuse to have anything further to say to Mr. Lightfoot, she pointed out very reasonably that it would be impossible for her to ask a friend to luncheon one day and cut him dead the next without assigning some reason for such unusual behavior. Adequate reasons not being forthcoming upon the spur of the moment, the incident ended there, and the acquaintance which Mr. Preston had declined was pursued by his niece with that increased interest which is the common result of opposition.

Miss Ripley had a large circle of friends, and many opportunities of widening it which were not open to the elderly couple with whom she lived. She could easily, if she were so minded, meet Mr. Lightfoot five or six times a week without departing much from her ordinary habits, and as a matter of fact this was what she now saw fit to do. She never made any secret of the manner in which her time was spent, and thus Mr. Preston, though not seriously alarmed, began to grow a little uneasy.

"I don't like this intimacy that has sprung up between Violet and young Lightfoot," he said to his wife one evening. "I think it ought to be put a stop to before it goes too far."

Mrs. Preston, who was fat, good-natured, and constitutionally averse to taking trouble, sighed, and asked "whether it mattered much. "Violet would never think of marrying him," she declared confidently. "An ugly little snubnosed creature like that! What could she possibly see in him?"

"I do not consider him an ugly man myself," replied Mr. Preston impartially; "though I will go so far as to say that he has a rascally countenance. However, I have no sort of fear of Violet's falling in love with him. Men as sure that she will not do that as I am that he will do his utmost to get possession of her and her money."

"Perhaps he may not be so—so unprincipled as you think," suggested Mrs. Preston, more with a view to getting to bed in peace than from any abstract love of justice.

"Pooh!" returned her lord and master; "like father like son. I suppose you know that his father was wound up? Nearly bankrupt."

"You don't tell me so! But perhaps he may have trespassed unintentionally. I am sure I myself——"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Mr. Preston; "you don't understand. I am speaking of a penalty inflicted by the stewards of the Jockey Club."

"What for?" inquired Mrs. Preston, stifling a yawn.

"Well, for—for dishonorable conduct in connection with racing. It would take too long to explain fully, and I see that you are not attending. This much I can tell you about Lightfoot, senior, that he lived and died a disgraced man; and of course his son shares a share of his disgrace. Rightly or wrongly, it always is so. Besides, any one can tell at a glance what sort of character this young fellow has. When I see a man wearing ridiculously tight trousers and a white scarf, like a groom's, with a big horse-shoe pin in it, I know what to think of him. It is notorious that he has no money; yet he is without a profession, and I understand that he hunts three days a week during the winter. Obviously, therefore, he must either be a knave or a fool, and for my part I don't think he is a fool."

II.

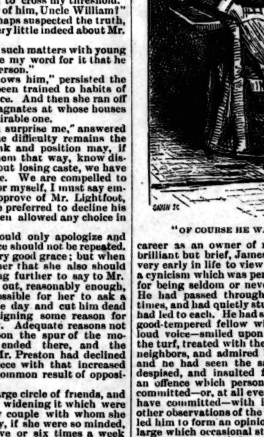
The worthy solicitor's conclusion, being based upon false premises, was only in part correct. Mr. Lightfoot, though not a rich man, was by no means destitute, and consequently may have been in some measure owing to this circumstance that he had never done anything to one other epithet of knave. That he was very far indeed from being a fool was the opinion of all who knew him, and of the only person who knew him intimately—namely himself. Many a man is described as being no one's enemy but his own; of Mr. Lightfoot it might be truly said that he was no one's friend but his own. The son of a sporting gentleman farmer, whose career as an owner of race horses had been brilliant but brief, James Lightfoot has learnt very early in life to view men and things with a cynicism which was perhaps the more sincere for being seldom or never verbally expressed. He had passed through bad times and good times, and had quietly studied the causes which had led to each. He had seen his father—a jolly good-tempered fellow with a red face and a loud voice—smiled upon by the aristocracy of the turf, treated with the utmost respect by his neighbors, and admired by the general public; and he had seen the same man ostracized, despised, and insulted for having committed an offence which persons of higher rank had committed—or, at all events, have been said to have committed—with impunity. These and other observations of the ways of the world had led him to form an opinion of human nature at large which occasional study of his own was in every way calculated to confirm. When he was left an orphan, he dispassionately took stock of his position and possessions, and found the latter, upon the whole, more satisfactory than the former. He was the owner of a moderate fortune, he was fairly well educated, and the glass before which he shaved himself in the morning reflected a square, dark countenance which could not be called unpleasing. In addition, he had a thorough knowledge and love of horses, and a profound contempt alike for the intellect and morals of his fellow men. To set against these advantages there was his lack of social standing. This he now determined to acquire, and crowded to the quire. The squires of the neighborhood, less rigid than Mr. Preston, did not mould their conduct upon the lines of the Mosaic dispensation, and saw no reasons why a modest, unassuming young fellow like Lightfoot, who rode straight to hounds and was exceedingly obliging and useful in matters connected with the purchase or sale of hunters, should be treated as an outcast because he had had the misfortune to have a scamp for a father. By degrees, therefore, they allowed him to become acquainted with their wives and daughters, and if, in order to achieve this end, he had to part with some valuable hunters at less price than they had cost him, he did not consider the money thus sacrificed as thrown away. By the wives and daughters he was tolerated rather than liked, which was a subject of regret to him, because his intention was to render his footing more sure by marrying one of the daughters. Women, as a rule, are at first attracted by a cold and reserved manner; but when they have tried to break it down in vain, they instinctively assume an attitude of antagonism; and so Lightfoot, upon whom a certain reserve was imposed by his blank indifference to everything under the sun except his own prospects, did not make much headway with the ladies. They asked him to dinner, however, and the men thought him a very decent sort of a fellow.

To the patient all things come, and to Mr. Lightfoot came, in the fulness of time, a piece of good fortune in the shape of an introduction to Miss Ripley. From that day his plans, hitherto somewhat vague, took definite form. Miss Ripley was personally agreeable to him; her fortune as a matter of course, was still more so; and while was most agreeable of all was the acquisition of both seemed likely to cost but little trouble. As sharp as a needle in matters of material interest, he knew as little as he cared about affairs of the heart, and when he found that he had made a favorable impression upon this well-dowered maiden, imagined that all the rest would be plain sailing. For opposition on the part of the Preston family he was prepared; but Miss Ripley was of age, and opposition which can be supported only by moral force was, in his eyes, scarcely worth taking into account.

Had Lightfoot been able to overhear the description of his person and presumed character which was keeping Mrs. Preston from her bed at eleven o'clock at night, he would probably have been more amused than offended; but if, on the other hand, Mr. Preston could have read the thoughts which were passing through Lightfoot's mind at that same hour, he would most undoubtedly have been more amused than amused. The young man was sitting in the snuggery which was the only tolerably well-furnished room in the rambling old farmhouse that he had inherited from his father. With his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets and his legs stretched out before him, he was meditating, and the current of his reflections ran somewhat on this wise:

"I wonder how the deuce that old lawyer managed to get such a good business. Not by brains, that's very certain. Of course he wants to keep the girl's money, and small blame to him!—so should I. Only I don't think I should be quite such a goose as to play my game in the open way that he does. I don't think I should be rude to a man in my own house because I suspected my niece of having taken a fancy to him. It was bad form in the first place, and it was unnaturally stupid in the second. If she hadn't liked me before, she would have begun to like me then; and as for our young naval friend, I doubt whether he ever had much of a chance." He rose and took a turn or two up and down the room; then resumed his seat and his soliloquy. "I suppose I shall have to get the old fool's consent, though. It isn't essential, but it would look better—a great deal better; and looks, after all, are of importance. I must think it over as soon as I have got her consent. Could I do it at the races to-morrow, for instance? It would be doubtful policy to put off too long; still I believe women don't like to be too hurried—ladies, at least." He smiled as he recalled certain hypothetical cases which had not required much manœuvring on his part; but the smile left his features abruptly and was succeeded by an anxious frown. "I do hope," he muttered, "that I'm not going to perpetrate the absurdity of falling in love with this girl! I certainly have a feeling about her that I never had about any one before; but hang it, that's not love, surely! It's—it's respect, or something of that sort—a very proper feeling to have towards one's wife. And yet. . . . James Lightfoot, my good friend, you must mind what you're about; you're letting your animal instincts get the better of you, sir. Come; I'll rest you. Would you marry Miss Ripley if she hadn't a hundred a year of her own? Not you! He laughed a little and drew a breath of relief. "I see how it is. She's a handsome girl, and I've been playing a part till I've come almost to believe in it, that's all. If there is a spice of reality in it, why, so much the better; it won't last long enough to be any inconvenience."

Reassured by this comforting conviction, Mr. Lightfoot went upstairs to bed, and was soon enjoying the sound sleep to which a fine constitution and a well-balanced mind entitled him.



"OF COURSE HE WANTS TO KEEP THE GIRL'S MONEY."

III.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Preston were in the habit of attending the annual Westhampton race meeting. In their early days racing had been held to be a pastime reserved for the aristocratic and the disreputable, and now that they were old they felt no inclination to diverge from the traditions of middle-class respectability. Miss Ripley, however, was free to do as her friends did, and on the morning in which this brief sketch of a part of her life was brought us, she might have been seen on the top of a drag near the winning post, looking in the best of health and spirits, and attracting the eyes of the passers-by with her fresh beauty.

The eyes of Mr. Lightfoot, who happened to be one of these, glistened when he caught sight of her; but he only bowed and walked on. He was a man who never neglected details, and he preferred being brought back to luncheon by the driver of the drag, with whom he was acquainted, to climbing up upon it without a direct invitation. He accomplished his purpose by-and-bye without any difficulty; for upon a race-course his company was always sought with that extra cordiality which even the least avaricious of men cannot but show towards those whose advice they hope to use in the way of making a little money. He himself was quite aware of this circumstance, and was careful to pay for his luncheon with the judicious hints distributed among his entertainers. If he indulged himself with an occasional touch of irony at their expense, he only did so because he knew that there was not the slightest fear of their detecting it. To Miss Ripley he showed no marked attention, and it was not until she casually mentioned that she had never yet seen a start that he perceived his opportunity, and sprang at it before any one else could anticipate him.

"If you would allow me to pilot you through the crowd," he said, "we might easily see the horses get off for the next race, and be back again before the finish."

"Thank you, Mr. Lightfoot," answered Violet; "I should like it of all things." And presently the pair were wending their way side by side, through a crowd of people in a mixed attitude as the most diffident lover could have desired.

Diffidence was not among Mr. Lightfoot's defects, but he was far from feeling at his ease now. He had almost made up his mind before starting that he would propose that day; yet somehow the decisive moment seemed to have come upon him unexpectedly, and he was conscious of a recurrence of that singular sensation which he had attributed, the night before, to respect to the lady of his choice. Absorbed in his own thoughts, he scarcely heard what his companion was saying, and turned round with a start at last when he realized that a question was being addressed to him.

"I beg your pardon!—you were asking what I went to all the great races for. Yes; I don't miss many meetings, great or small. You see," he added it a slightly apologetic tone, "I hasn't a large number of interests in life, and I can't boast of much talent or knowledge, except as regards horsefleah. That I *do* know something about; and a good race well ridden is a finer sight to look at than any one who only sees a horse galloping and a man on his back can understand."

"Yes; no doubt. You are like the artists who go into ecstacies over old pictures which only strike ordinary mortals as being singularly unlike anything in nature. And then, I suppose," pursued Miss Ripley tentatively—for she was curious to discover whether current reports as to Mr. Lightfoot's manner of living were wellfounded or not—"I suppose you have

"I TOLD YOU I WAS SORRY TO SEE YOU ENCOURAGING THAT MAN LIGHTFOOT."

the satisfaction of carrying away a nice little sum from each of these meetings.

"Well, no; I haven't that satisfaction. I never bet."

"Never bet!" repeated Violet, with raised eyebrows. "And yet you always seem to know what horse will win."

Lightfoot smiled. "Not always. Here in my own county I can form a pretty shrewd guess, of course, but I don't set up for a prophet elsewhere, and even here, as I told you, I don't turn my knowledge to account. The fact is —" He paused for a moment, looking down to the ground, then resumed rather hurriedly: "Perhaps you may have heard—that is, you must have heard—about my poor father."

Violet reddened and murmured something unintelligible; for indeed it was not easy to make any articulate response.

"He was more sinned against than sinning," the young man went on; "still it would be absurd to pretend that he was blameless. I know what his temptations were, and I know what mine might easily be; so, fond as I am of racing, I have never owned a racer, and as for betting, I gave that up years ago, when I found what it might lead me to."

The statement was not quite so straightforward as it appeared to be. Mr. Lightfoot, it was true, had so far taken to heart the lesson taught by his father's misfortunes that he had determined never even to run a plater; but his reason for so determining was most likely identical with his reason for eschewing betting; and that was a somewhat remarkable one. He had convinced himself that backing horses could not be made to pay. As he is probably the only experienced backer who has ever arrived at this conclusion—or, at all events, the only one who has had the courage of his conviction—the circumstance seems to deserve men-

"ON THE TOP OF A DRAG NEAR THE WINNING POST."

tion. Upon the present occasion his words had precisely the effect which he had intended them to have. Miss Ripley was not only very sorry for him, but admired his courage and candor.

"I dare say you are quite right," she said, gently, after a short pause; "it is always better to be upon the safe side. Only I don't think you need have been much afraid of temptation."

"Why do you say that?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"Because," she answered, raising her eyes frankly to his, "I am sure you are honest."

The compliment was not, perhaps, expressed exactly in the form which a little more reflection would have suggested; for, after all, it is an awkward thing to congratulate a man upon differing from his father with regard to that especial virtue, but such as it was it gave intense satisfaction to Lightfoot, whose pale cheeks flushed with pleasure.

"I won't contradict you," he said. "It has been the one aim and object of my life to be perfectly straight in all my dealings. I have tried never to give any man an excuse for turning around upon me and saying, 'I didn't know what you were driving at.' "I should like, if it were possible, always to let every one with whom I have to do know just what I am driving at."

"Why should that not be possible?" Miss Ripley asked.

Lightfoot did not answer for a moment, but glanced at her in a peculiar manner. "Well, it isn't always possible," he said at last, with a sigh. Sometimes one hasn't the necessary courage."

In this instance, nevertheless, he had certainly shown the courage he disclaimed. Miss Ripley perfectly understood his meaning, and he saw that she understood it. Had he been more experienced in the ways of women, he might have thought her composure a disquieting omen; but as a matter of fact, he interpreted it in quite the opposite sense, and concluded with exultation that the victory was won.

"Miss Ripley," he began gravely, but got no further; for at that moment there arose a general shout of "They're off!" Then came a thundering sound upon the turf, and half-a-dozen brightly colored jackets flashed past and were gone.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lightfoot penitently, "I forgot all about the start."

"So did I," answered Violet; "but it doesn't matter. I am one of those ignorant persons whom you spoke of, who see nothing in a race except a number of horses galloping, and I shouldn't have known whether it was a good start or a bad one. Shall we go back now?"

Lightfoot assented silently. The interruption has disturbed his ideas, and he had to rehearse the speech that he had intended making over again. However, Fate or Fortune had decreed that that speech was to remain unuttered. On a sudden a shrill voice from the crowd piped out, "Hi! mum, yer gown's afire!"—and an instant afterwards something had taken place which called for action, not words. A blazing fuzee, flung away by some careless smoker, might have robbed the world of a charming woman and Mr. Lightfoot of a fair prospect of £40,000,, had that gentleman not happened to be a man who kept his wits about him in times of emergency. Violet scarcely realized her danger till the whole thing was over. Without a moment's warning she found herself thrown down upon the grass; she saw but scarcely felt the flames which for one second enveloped her, and which Lightfoot, who had torn off his coat and wrapped it tightly round the girl's body, had some little difficulty in extinguishing; but in her bewilderment she had no time to be frightened, and when she fully recovered her senses, all peril was past. Lightfoot was standing over her, pale, and panting a little; his shirt-sleeve was burnt up to the shoulder. A policeman had run up and was keeping back the crowd. Violet, looking down, discovered that nothing remained of her dress except a blackened rag; her right hand was somewhat red and blistered, but otherwise she was quite unhurt, and said so, laughing rather hysterically in answer to the young man's anxious inquiries.

(To be Continued.)

A Georgia boy has a mouth big enough to hold two good-sized eggs in without inconvenience.

A Woman's Crime.

The scene in the court room was one of peculiar and absorbing interest which deepened in intensity as the trial drew near its close. Eminent justices sat upon the bench, and lawyers notable in their profession conducted the prosecution and the defense. Members of the bar attended to note a case in which so many intricate points of law were involved, and students of metaphysical phenomena were there to study the bearings of a case without a parallel within the century. Clergymen in high standing, who had been called by the defense as witnesses, sat and pondered the moral aspects of the case, side by side with medical and scientific gentlemen, who went to testify. A throng of spectators followed every step of the proceedings with no common interest.

The prisoner at the bar was a mother, on trial for the murder of her son, by poison, a young man of unusual promise, her stay and support. Behind this indictment there was an array of evidence which, if admitted, was to prove that she had removed by poison five members of her family in succession, including her husband; but the presiding justices ruled that such a mass of evidence would confuse the minds of the jury and embarrass the defense, and therefore excluded it, admitting only the testimony relating directly to the first victim.

It was a terrible charge, which rebounded from the mind as something too revolting and unnatural to be harbored.

The prisoner, dressed all in black, sat in the criminal box. She was a comely, fair-faced woman, lady-like and interesting, and still beautiful, at forty-nine, with heavy coils of rich brown hair arranged under a small becoming bonnet. The sharp, curious searching glances leveled upon her from all points of the courtroom failed to identify her as the monster claimed by the prosecution.

Beside her, within the railing occupied by the reporters, lawyers and principal witnesses, sat her remaining son, a youth of eighteen, who from time to time turned his pallid face upon his mother, and with piteous, quivering lips, reached out his hand for her to clasp. Not a doubt of her innocence crossed his mind. It was not claimed that she had been detected in the act, and to his mind the circumstantial evidence was totally insufficient to prove her guilt. His mother could not be so wicked. Scientific experts might testify to the quantity of arsenic found in the body upon post-mortem examination, but she was not the guilty party. It might have been taken by mistake or administered by some one else, or the doctors might be totally mistaken; any solution of the mystery seemed possible to him except that insisted upon by the prosecution.

There was a man in the court-room with gray hair and beard and small, twinkling unreliable eyes who excited as much attention as the prisoner. He was known as Dr. Peck and had been arrested as an accessory to the murder at the same time as the prisoner. By some legal quibble he had been thrown out at the beginning of the trial and released upon bail, and although subject to the subpœna of the court he was not brought upon the stand by the prosecution.

It came out during the trial that a peculiar relationship had existed for years between Dr. Peck and Mrs. Benton, the prisoner. There was a mystery about it that remained unsolved. For the last two years he had been an almost daily visitor at her house, and had had a more or less intimate connection with her during the period of the mysterious deaths in her family.

But now the friendly character of the relationship seemed to have changed. When Mrs. Benton was called to the witness stand by her counsel she testified that on the Sabbath before the death of her son Dr. Peck had called to see him and had remained in the room alone with him for some time, which evidence, along with much more of a damaging character, threw a cloud of suspicion upon the doctor. But the prosecution furnished witnesses who testified that Dr. Peck had been far away from the locality on the day indicated, thus falsifying the evidence of the prisoner and beclouding the minds of the jury.

As the trial progressed the circumstantial evidence introduced became more and more perplexing and it was whispered around the court room that the jury was likely to disagree.

When the evidence was all rendered the junior counsel for the defence, Mr. Chandler, arose and commenced an eloquent and masterly plea for the prisoner which occupied three hours.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "you are now approaching a solemn responsibility. The issue in the case is life, than which there is no higher issue. You are now to enter upon holy ground in the jury room and you must wash from your minds all that is prejudiced and impure. You are to find the truth, and the analysis must be made in clean vessels."

He passed on to a review of the evidence presented by the prosecution, bringing his legal acumen to bear on the weak links in the chain, seizing upon each point in the argument and demolishing it and skilfully improving every opportunity for indirect appeal to the sympathies of the jury. The audience sat spellbound. The prisoner leaned forward in the intensity of her emotion under the flood of eloquence and flushed and paled alternately, while the boy's eyes turned from time to time upon his mother with a shadow of hope in them.

After the argument for the government the judge gave the charge and the jury retired to spend that night and the next day in the jury room.

All that day of suspense, while the judges and lawyers waited and the crowd fidgeted and chatted and wondered, the boy haunted the court room like a spectre, between hope and fear.

At length the worn, haggard jurymen returned to the court. The prisoner was brought in and an awful stillness settled upon the chamber. The woman seemed to control herself by a strong effort and the boy's face was of unearthly pallor.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?" asked the clerk.

"We have," returned the foreman.

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

The silence was painful. The woman sat as if turned to stone. The boy threw up his hands and fell senseless. The officer came to conduct her to jail, and she passed out through the gaping crowd mechanically without a glance towards the boy, who was carried from the room and brought back to his misery.

The kind matron of the jail, who, during the woman's imprisonment had frequently remarked upon her Christian fortitude and expressed belief in her innocence, came to her with words of sympathy, but she remained in the same silent, unnatural calm.

The midnight quiet of the prison was broken by strange sounds, which the officers on duty soon traced to Mrs. Benton's cell. When the door was opened she was found fully dressed, turning round and round like a caged animal, her hands tightly locked, and that terrible moan escaping her lips, her eyes fixed upon vacancy, as if to her it was peopled with awful presence.

She did not seem to hear the officers when they spoke. They called the matron, who hastened, fearing for her reason.

The woman uttered a shriek and put out her hands as the matron entered. "Take them away!" she cried. "There they all are standing one behind the other. There is my husband, my sister and my child. There is Mary—how tall she stands!—and Susie and Henry! Oh, my God, how can I bear their eyes? Their lips move. They reproach me. They ask how I could be such a murderer. They shudder and shrink from me, but their eyes, their eyes burn into my soul!"

She sank upon the cot and covered her face with her hands. "My victims my innocent victims!" she moaned. "They haunt me! I cannot shut them out. What am I? A monster! The lawyer said a monster! I see it. I feel it. Oh, for a thousand lives, if by giving them I could wash this stain from my soul!"

The listeners stood awestruck. The matron stepped forward and stroked her head soothingly.

The prisoner met her calm, kind eyes. "You think I am mad," she said. "You cannot understand. I am not mad. They have come to me before, but I have been strong to defy them all and proclaim my innocence. I have been under a spell, and to-night it is broken. He held my soul and body under dominion. I came and went at his bidding. From the day he first set his eyes upon me I have been his slave. He taught me the use of the poison. He whispered to me of the insurance money payable upon the death of my victims. I divided it with him. Under the same mad infatuation I removed my husband and waited for him to redeem the promise of marriage he had made to me. I have sinned past forgiveness, yet the confession has eased me. They came and insisted, and through them I found strength to break the horrible fetters, to see my tempter as he is, to see myself as I am."

The scene will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it; that of a woman writhing under tortures more awful than those depicted in the Inferno.

She sent for a former pastor of hers who had steadily refused to believe in her guilt, and to him she confessed the whole story in detail. The minister shuddered at the strange story of depravity. Were people now, as of old, possessed by evil spirits? Had an evil mesmeric influence been at work upon her as she alleged? He sickened over the attempts at solution.

Dr. Peck was brought to trial. Many strange facts were elicited; and finally the prosecution cornered him through his own evidence, and led him to virtually confess his guilt.

The two were sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The woman was broken-hearted and penitent, and she found relief in the thought that she could at least give her life for her victims.

What was the nature of the unholy spell wrought upon her by the doctor? How far was she responsible? Whence came the power that could kill the holy instincts of motherhood?

It was a strange case, one for the moralist to ponder, for the metaphysician to analyze.

The boy Ernest heard of his mother's confession as if paralyzed. It deprived him of motion. Her awful look settled upon his face, the buoyancy of youth was stricken from his heart. What remained of beauty or gladness upon earth, since the mother whom he loved and in whose arms he had been cradled had confessed herself a monster?

Injured Trade.

"When shall I call again?" said a man who had brought a bill to Col. Wimberly.

"Well, you might call next Tuesday."

On the following Tuesday the man promptly presented himself. "Well, colonel," said he, "I have called."

"Yes, so I see."

"Can you do anything for me?"

"No, I am sorry to say."

"When shall I call again?"

"Well, say next Monday."

The man was on hand the following Monday.

"Do anything to-day, colonel?"

"Well, no, not to-day."

"When shall I call again?"

"Oh, any time you feel like it."

"But the question is when are you going to pay me?"

"Pay you! Why, I don't know anything about that."

"I am getting tired of your promises, sir."

"Promises! Why, I've made no promises! You asked me when you might call again, and I told you. Noticed that your visits were becoming frequent, but attributed them to your sociability. There, you are frowning. My dear sir, don't you know that men who go about the neighborhood frowning injure trade? They cause business men to feel depressed, and consequently lose confidence in each other. Haven't you noticed how much better trade is when everybody is cheerful?"

Byronic.

She was the brightest beauty at the ball,
The reigning belle, majestically fair,
The obvious sta of stars, outshining all
The minor constellations twinkling there.
And one all-blissful moment I recall—
She smiled on me—on me alone, I swear!
Although I doubted for a moment when
I saw her also smile on other men!

The green-eyed monster for a moment threw
His baleful spell o'er dreams of ecstasy,
But once again she smiled, and then I knew
Henceforth my heart would be no longer free.
Dan Cupid claimed it as a tribute due;
She smiled again, and then—she danced with *me!*
But still I felt a pang of envy when
I saw her also dance with other men!

Ideas of marriage flitted through my head,
And thus I mused, "What happiness 'twould be
If I this peerless creature were to wed!
Our days would pass in never-ending glee.
A new Arcadia, risen from the dead,
'Twould seem, if she would flirt all day with *me!*"
But here I paused, and added, "Ah! but then
She might prefer to flirt with other men."

A Graceful Evasion.

Mr. Hampton Rhoades (*editor of the Newport News, taking notes at the hotel hop*)—I should like, Miss Hoe, a little description of your dress—

Miss Ida Hoe—Oh, I'd be ashamed to have you describe this old thing. My trunks haven't got in yet from Cincinnatta. Can't you sort of avoid particulars—say "Miss Hoe's toilette was, as usual, a jim-dandy"—or some little generality of that sort?

The Lawncers.

"Do you dawnce the lawncers, Dr. Brown?"
"No, I do not dawnce the lawncers,
But when the dawnce's health breaks down
I sometimes lawnce the dawncers."

There was a heated discussion in a hotel the other night.

"I tell you, sir," said one of the disputants, "there is no law made but what the people can change."

"Yes, there is," said a newcomer. "There is one law no man—no people can change."

"What is that?"

"A mother-in-law!"

A Numerous Man.

The other day a well-dressed gentleman stepped into a restaurant and called for supper. He ate his supper deliberately, arose, put on his overcoat and gloves, then catching sight of the proprietor, said pleasantly:

"How are you, Charlie?"

"First-rate," said the proprietor in a puzzled tone. "How are you?"

"Don't believe you know me," said the gentleman, extending his hand.

"My name is John C. Whitner."

The proprietor eagerly grasped the extended hand, and apologized profusely. "Why, you must excuse me, Whitner. You haven't been to see me in so long that I had nearly forgotten you. How's the family?" And the two shook hands heartily.

"Now, look here, Charlie, I thought you knew me. Don't you remember the time you was so sick? My name is Bass—Prof. Bass."

"Why, protessor, you must excuse me. I assure you that I have not forgotten your kindness, but really the resemblance is striking. And how are the folks?"

"Is it possible," said the gentleman sadly, "that you don't remember your boyhood's friend, Green Dodd?"

The proprietor gave one hurried look and threw his arms fondly around the gentleman's neck.

"Of course I knew you was here, Green, but I have been so busy getting settled down. You know how it is. Do you remember that Sunday, Green, when you and—"

"Is it possible?" said the gentleman in an amused tone. "Why, I pulled your teeth last year and—"

The proprietor unwound his arms, and said sheepishly: "Dr. Crenshaw, how are you? Glad to see you. I didn't recognize you. And what's the news, doctor?"

"My name is Whitner," said the gentleman.

The proprietor stared helplessly.

"My name is Bass."

The proprietor groaned.

"My name is Green Dodd," said the gentleman.

Another stare.

"My right name is Crenshaw."

The proprietor's face was a study.

The gentleman bowed, smiled gravely and walked out.

For a moment the rigid, fascinated look of the proprietor was unchanged. Then he smiled faintly. Then he thought of pay, and a look of indignation flashed over his face. He rushed to the door, but the stranger was gone.

"Well, do those four gentleman look so much alike?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, the resemblance is something remarkable."

"Well, who was the fellow in the restaurant?"

"Ah!" laughed the story-teller, "that's what the proprietor would like to know."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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LADIES who understand the desirability and economy of using only a perfect Baking Range will be pleased to know that our "Diamond Range" is the acme of perfection in that line. The Flue System is new, and so arranged that an equal circulation of heat is obtained over all parts of the oven, thereby giving an evenness of temperature so necessary in fine baking. See it at

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He has on hand, or will make you to order, just what you require. He has the highest awards of three Gold and Silver Medals of the Paris (France) Inter. and National Hair Goods Exhibition and Competition of 1885-85. He is the only experienced Ladies' Hairdresser in Toronto, and knows best which kind of Bangs, Waves, Bandeaux, etc., will suit a lady best. Also Ladies' Hairdressing, Trimming, Singeing, Shampooing, etc.

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Mrs. Bleecker (*at the unmasking*)—Why, Tom I'd no idea it was you. And I did enjoy that last waltz so!
Mr. Bleecker—I'm sure I didn't know it was you, Letitia. You'll pardon me for making it so pleasant for you, won't you?

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I.] TORONTO, FEB. 25, 1888. [No. 13.

Street Sales of "Saturday Night."

Without boasting or disparaging the business of others, the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT can fairly claim that the street sales of this paper, on the day of its publication, bring in more money from those clever little merchants, the newsboys, than has ever been obtained by any other daily or weekly paper in Canada, on any day of its existence. As a proof of this, we give below the cash receipts from the counter sales of SATURDAY NIGHT for the past three weeks.

Saturday, February 4	$181 75
" " 11	178 99
" " 18	189 88

In addition to the above gratifying statement it can be said that the general sale of SATURDAY NIGHT on each of the days above named has never been greater in its brief but prosperous history, except on Christmas eve, when an unusually large issue was printed. On February 11th and 18th we ran short of papers or the sales would have been larger. During the quarter year the paper has been in existence its bona fide weekly sales have averaged above 12,000, something which can be said of the first thirteen issues of no other weekly journal in Canada. It is universally pronounced the most handsomely illustrated and best printed and most interesting five-cent paper published in America. This is not said boastfully, and if any of our readers can send us a copy of any English, Canadian or American newspaper published on equally fine paper with anything like as good illustrations or as excellent reading matter we will be glad to hear that someone, somewhere, has put more enterprise and ability into a venture than has been bestowed on SATURDAY NIGHT, always remembering, of course, that the price is only five cents per copy.

A Too Prevalent Fault.

One of the most noticeable of the small social vices to which Canadians are addicted is that of unpunctuality. The waste of time and general inconvenience resulting from this almost universal fault is something enormous. How very rarely it is that any entertainment or gathering, either of a public or private character, commences at the hour appointed. If a concert or lecture is fixed for eight o'clock, in all probability not one-half of the audience are in their places when the hour strikes. Whether in church or the at theater, the arrival of a stream of late comers, who could, just as easily as not, have been there promptly, delays the proceedings for many minutes after the time announced. Performances may be advertised to begin at "eight *sharp*," and the same word may be underscored in notes of invitation to social gatherings, but it makes little or no difference. The delay of tardy auditors or guests is a thing to which we have become so accustomed that we have come to regard it as a matter of course, to base our calculations upon it and govern our movements accordingly. Everyone knows that, as a rule, no sort of entertainment or public "function," as the English say, ever by any chance commences on time, so the effort to be punctual ceases. Busy people who have again and again been victimized and lost valuable time by hurrying to keep engagements, and have had to wait the convenience of others, grow tired of this sort of thing and lapse into the habits of unpunctuality which they once condemned. Thus the practice grows by what it feeds on and becomes a confirmed characteristic. In a world of easy-going unpunctual people, the studiously punctual man is at a disadvantage. Those with whom time is money naturally prefer that others should waste this valuable commodity, rather than themselves, and thus clever men and women are apt to abandon social entertainments to the idle and careless.

It is time that some effort were made to combat this inexcusable habit and foster more prompt and business-like methods. Strictly speaking, lack of punctuality is more than discourteous—it is dishonest. It ought not to be tolerated, either in social or business affairs. The only corrective is a stricter public opinion on the subject, which will make offenders realize that a want of promptness in keeping engagements or attending to social duties, is regarded as a grave shortcoming indicating a want of good breeding.

Do One Thing Well.

Probably no better advice could be given to the thousands of ambitious youths who crowd our cities anxious to make their way in the world than—Learn to do one thing well. This is an age of specialists—of subdivision of labor. The world has now little use for the Jack of all trades—the man who can do everything—after a fashion. He is an invaluable man in a new settlement, but under the pressure of competion in a crowded center he generally goes to the wall and dies in poverty because somebody can do everything better than he can. In all kinds of work the demand is for a high standard of excellence. Fair to middling is quoted away down in the scale of remuneration. It is the man who is thoroughly master of one particular branch of his trade or profession and knows it better than anyone else who commands his own price.

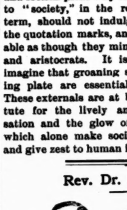
In journalism it is the specialist—the man who has devoted himself to a particular line and won a reputation in it whether it be sport or commerce, politics or literature who is always sure of a good position. It is the same in law and medicine. The practitioner who has gained experience and skill in a specialty is always sought after, while men who are perhaps greatly his superiors in learning and attainments, involving a far wider field, are passed by. The more extended general knowledge is of no value in the particular case in reference to which his aid is sought. From the high standpoint of intellectual culture and individual development all knowledge is of course to be duly valued for its own sake, irrespective of any pecuniary return. But as a means of getting on in life, every man should cultivate a specialty and determine to attain the highest measure of excellence in his chosen sphere, however narrow. When this object is achieved, he can extend his range of study either with a view to profit or to personal improvement. But absolute proficiency in some single line of attainment should be the first end aimed at. There is always bread and generally an abundant recompense, besides, to be gained by the plodding, conscientious worker, who sticks to the determination of doing some one thing just as well as it can be done.

"Society" and Society.

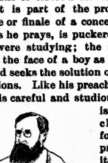
There should be a good deal more sociability in our city life than there is at present among people of moderate means. While in the charmed circle of what is distinctively known as "society" there are always numerous parties, entertainments and visitings, many worthy and refined people whose means or dispositions debar them from this enchanted ground live in isolation and see little of such friends and acquaintances as they may have, and rarely having opportunities for social intercourse with those outside their homes. This is not a satisfactory state of things. Man was not destined to lead the life of a recluse. He is a social animal, and needs the stimulus of a free and friendly commingling with his kind. Women especially need the excitement and relaxations afforded by social gatherings. A man is brought into contact with his fellows in business or in the organizations with which he is connected. He finds there a scope for his faculties which keeps him from stagnating. But the woman whose activities are confined to her own home suffers a much greater deprivation and is apt to grow morbid and low-spirited.

Because people cannot afford to do things in style—to give dinner parties and go to considerable expense in entertaining their friends—that is no reason why they should live like hermits and never see anybody. There are many in this position who, nevertheless, long for companionship and would be glad to meet congenial people and enjoy their society with such simple unostentatious hospitality as would not tax their entertainer too heavily. There is no earthly reason other than a false and foolish pride why those who do not belong to "society," in the restricted sense of the term, should not indulge in society, without the quotation marks, and find it just as enjoyable as though they mingled with millionaires and aristocrats. It is a great mistake to imagine that groaning sideboards and glittering plate are essentials to social pleasure. These externals are at best but a poor substitute for the lively and interesting conversation and the glow of sympathetic feeling which alone make society worth cultivating and give zest to human intercourse.

Rev. Dr. Kellogg.



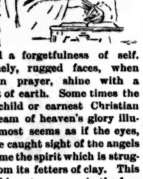
St. James's Square Presbyterian church is modern in style, has an exceedingly handsome interior, comfortable seats, fairly good music, and a pastor whose preaching is interesting and instructive. Rev. Dr. Kellogg has the pulpit misfortune of being a small man, but he has a large and well-shaped head, wide culture and a memory which retains a vast amount of knowledge acquired in much reading and careful study. I have heard him spoken of as "a schoolmaster in the pulpit." If this phrase has been used to indicate that his first and most successful aim is to impart knowledge it has been fairly applied, but if to suggest pedantry, dry scholasticism, or the I-know-everything air of the pedagogue, it is an unjust description of a really able man. There is a certainty in his tone and conviction in his deportment which denote full acceptance of, and entire faith in the doctrines of the Presbyterian church and all that they imply. There is no doubt of his orthodoxy. As he speaks, Calvinism, and the predestination and foreordination of all things shine quietly out as if they were as absolutely and inalienably a part of God's word as the sun is the center of the solar system. His voice is pleasant, though sometimes it sounds as if he were speaking into a big tin can with a metallic and grating effect which is unpleasant. The trouble probably is that there isn't body enough in his voice, and this considerably weakens the power of his prayer. His utterance is slow, distinct, and almost devoid of depth of voice or feeling. It sounds as if it were either being recited or the speaker's attention is being mostly given to the selection and arrangement of the words rather than to the spirit of prayer. No prayer sounds well to me unless it is uttered with fervency and a forgetfulness of self. I have seen homely, rugged faces, when uplifted to God in prayer, shine with a beauty which is not of earth. Some times the face of the dying child or earnest Christian lights up as if a gleam of heaven's glory illumines it, and it almost seems as if the eyes, closing forever, have caught sight of the angels coming out to welcome the spirit which is struggling to free itself from its fetters of clay. This same brightness and beauty appears in the face of the devotee absorbed in an earnest and heartfelt petition to his God, but seldom is it seen to touch with glory the face of the man who opens or closes a service with prayer because it is part of the programme, like the overture or finale of a concert. Dr. Kellogg's brow, as he prays, is puckered and a-frown, as if he were studying; the same lines can be seen on the face of a boy as he bends over his slate and seeks the solution of his first problem in fractions. Like his preaching, Dr. Kellogg's prayer is careful and studious, its composition is faultless, it includes everything for which we should properly pray, but it doesn't seem to be addressed to any one in particular, and the awe one should feel at standing in the presence of the great Jehovah does not seem to overshadow it.



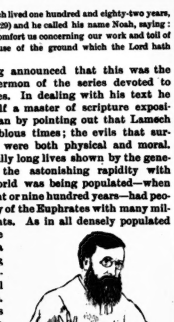
The first lesson was Isaiah xxvi., 1—11, and the first verse of the following chapter. The rev. doctor's explanation of the strong points of the lesson was excellent, and the groundwork well laid for his sermon, based on Genesis v., 28 and 29.

(28) And Lamech lived one hundred and eighty-two years, and begat a son, (29) and he called his name Noah, saying: This same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed.

Dr. Kellogg announced that this was the concluding sermon of the series devoted to the genealogies. In dealing with his text he proved himself a master of scripture exposition. He began by pointing out that Lamech lived in troublous times; the evils that surrounded him were both physical and moral. The wonderfully long lives shown by the genealogies, and the astonishing rapidity with which the world was being populated—when men lived eight or nine hundred years—had peopled the valley of the Euphrates with many million inhabitants. As in all densely populated countries the making of a scanty living involved incessant toil and hardship. Lamech was evidently a farmer, and the farmers where the population is dense and the holdings small and the conditions surrounding agriculture exceedingly unpropitious, have just cause to lament of the "work and toil of their hands because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed." "Some commentators," remarked the Rev. Doctor "have explained this passage as meaning that Lamech rejoiced over the birth of his son, and called his name Noah—which means 'comfort' or 'rest'—because he thought he would have help to till the farm." This was too sordid a meaning. Like Enoch, Lamech walked with God, and was the only good man then alive. Like Isaiah, he could exclaim "Yet in the way of Thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for Thee," and "He trusted in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." In many instances in biblical history, the birth of a son to a pious father brought with it the feeling that through this son was to come rest and comfort and the fulfilment of promise. So Abraham felt when his son Isaac was born and the same belief that a promise would be fulfilled in him was experienced by the parents of John the Baptist. Lamech felt that Noah would bring good to the world. The whole context proved this spiritual idea to have been the purpose for which the history was given. The world about him was all wicked. Prophecies had been uttered which indicated that a great crisis was at hand and Lamech "waited for the judgment of the Lord." Like many others he didn't know exactly what he was waiting for or in what way relief would come, and he was probably mistaken in his idea of what would be God's method. Lamech was not only enduring toil and hardship, but he recognized that behind all this was God's judgment, and he felt that his life was hard because the Lord had cursed the ground when Adam sinned. He knew that sin was the cause of even the physical evils of the time. When he looked around him he saw wickedness and corruption on every side and he had no help or companionship in well doing. Truly Lamech's life was a hard one, and the sorrows he had to bear wondrously bitter. He had many sons and daughters whom he no doubt tried to bring up in the right way, but Noah was the only good one. No doubt the others may have striven for a while, but one by one they fell into the wicked ways of those around them, and Noah remained the only righteous son to bless his father's life, which lasted 505 years after Noah was born. There is toil and hardship enough in the three-score-and-ten years now allotted to man, and in the 777 years during which Lamech sought his daily bread from the unproductive soil he must often in his weariness have wished that his days were less.



Dr. Kellogg's comparison of the history of Lamech's time with the present period carried with it a startling lesson, to which the large audience listened with almost breathless attention. The speaker evinced but little excitement, though his voice sometimes had a somewhat tremulous warmth of tone as if he were exceedingly anxious to bring home to every heart the truths of which he spoke. Glancing superficially at the antediluvian period one would see but little resemblance to the 19th century, but the learned doctor showed the similarity to be most striking. Just before the days of Noah great discoveries were being made by the people. The art of working metals and melting ore from the rocks had astonished the world and many industries sprang up and much progress was being made in the arts which had hitherto been so crude. So also the present is an era of wonderful invention and great discovery. In Lamech's time men began to "multiply on the face of the earth;" the population was becoming every day more dense while the food supply was not advancing in anything like the same ratio. Poverty and suffering was becoming the lot of the masses, and to make less endurable their struggle for bread, they were subject to rulers who cared nothing for their sufferings. In the fourth verse of the sixth chapter where we have it "There were giants in the earth in those days," Luther, in his translation of the bible most felicitously rendered it, "There were tyrants in those days."



Likewise in the present century the population is rapidly becoming more dense throughout the world. The various nations and people are doubling in number, as follows: England every fifty years, Scotland (with more emigration) in a little more; the Saxon races in about seventy years; the Latin races a little more slowly; the Russians more rapidly. In India where every acre of land is occupied by from 250 to 800, the circumstances and surroundings of the people are of the hardest and most miserable kind; where famine and pestilence frequently sweep them away by the thousand; even there the population is doubled in every hundred and two years. It is a remarkable fact that wherever Christianity gains a hold upon the people, and the sick are relieved from destitution and saved from death, and humanity becomes a greater law, the population increases much more rapidly than when the tribes were savage. Thus with the progress of civilization comes the greater rapidity with which the population doubles itself. In the United States the population doubles every twenty-five years. These are figures given by Rev. James Johnston, F. S. S., in "A Century of Missions," as taken from the highest authorities, and it may be added that in the United States the blacks have multiplied eightfold in the past century, and this rate would give 192,000,000 of *blacks* in America in 1980.

Keith Johnston's Atlas of Physical Geography, 1857, puts the population of the globe at 900,000,000; the best authorities give it now as over 1,450,000,000. Count out of this increase 200,000,000 for discovery of previously unknown populations in Africa; there is still left as natural increase in thirty years, 350,000,000, nearly 40 per cent., which would make the world's population 2,050,000,000 in thirty years more, and in a little over a half century would *double* it, giving over 4,000,000,000.

This cannot go on forever. The time is rapidly coming when there will be more mouths to fill than can be satisfied with the food supply of the earth. However, there is a great deal of untilled land and uninhabited country, but much of it is incapable of supporting a large population. At the equator where production is most luxuriant many of the races inhabiting the earth can hardly survive the climate, and it cannot be long, unless devastating wars or pestilences sweep humanity away by tens of million, before men will have so multiplied on the face of the earth that the problem of their survival will become most difficult if not impossible to solve. The ultimate question is simply this: Is there any reason to believe that the food supply—that is, the final average number of bushels of wheat per acre of the world's arable land—can be increased indefinitely in a corresponding ratio with the increase of population? Behind this question lie all the portentous social problems of the day, Nihilism, Communism, Anarchy and Socialism. No power on earth can keep them from pressing on us more and more in the immediate future.

Now, as then, there are tyrants in the earth who care not how the poor suffer, who oppress them and rob them of their share of the "work and toil of their hands." We can see, as Lamech saw, what is behind all this,—that it is the curse of sin. While the giants get so much more than they need or can use, millions have to starve. This would not be the case if all men were like the early Christians who had everything in common and claimed nothing as their own. There are but few indeed of those who would rather divide their last loaf than see another starve. We can not only see the sin that is behind all this covetousness and selfishness and tyranny, but we recognize that these sins, are the causes of the anarchy, socialism and communism which agitate and threaten the world. Men who can see others in the possession of plenty while they starve cannot be expected to be very scrupulous in their methods of satisfying their hunger.

If there is anything in the usually accepted analogy between Noah and Christ it is to Him we must look to "comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed." Like Lamech we have the promise and like him we are waiting in the way of His judgments. And like Lamech we may be ignorant or mistaken as to the way in which the "judgment" will come, in which the "comfort" will come, but like him, again, we know that it *will* come. But it is the Christian only who, having recognized and repented of sin because of which the Lord hath cursed the ground, will have the right to enter the ark of His salvation. The world outside, as Noah preached to it, as it is preached to now-a-days, did not care, and as Isaiah says: "When the hand of the Lord is uplifted, they will not see, but then they shall see and be ashamed."

It is impossible to convey anything like the full force of the doctor's magnificent exposition and application. He does not aim to be an eloquent man, but he has an eloquence all his own—of vivid description, careful analysis and direct application, which absorbs the attention and must fix deep the points of his arguments in the hearts and memory of those who hear him. As a Bible teacher he probably stands without a peer in Canada, and as a preacher he must accomplish great good by such quiet exhortations as that with which he concluded his sermon last Sunday evening, when he asked his hearers to think whether amidst their sufferings, amidst all the grinding cares, afflictions and temptations which surround them, they, like Lamech, feel that they have a promise of comfort and rest; that when the Lord comes in judgment, as he will come, they can exclaim, "He shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed."

DON.

The Soft Impeachment.

(See illustration page one.)

The old-fashioned picture on the first page conveys more than one idea. The sweet face of the girl at the piano tells its own story. Her more mature friend is a good example of those whose love affairs having been long settled are absorbed in watching the growth of the tender buds of affection in others. Love is an old story, repeated from generation to generation, yet ever interesting and always awakening women's sympathy. The young lady cannot conceal her secret, or what she think her secret, as easily as she can hide her letter from her friend. It will be confessed presently, in a long and circumstantial account to a sympathetic listener, who of course "had seen it long ago," and from experience knew the symptoms of a growing love. Then there will be long and confidential chattings, and somehow by a strange coincidence the two friends will be joined in their walks by the gentleman whose name appears on that letter. "You have no doubt remarked," says Thackeray, "how, under certain tender circumstances, women will help one another. They help where they ought not to help. When Mr. Darby ought to be separated from Miss Joan, and the best thing that could happen for both would be a lettre de cachet to whip off Mons. Derby to the Bastile for five years, and an order from her parents to lock up Mademoiselle Jeanne in a convent, some aunt, some relative, some pitying female friend is sure to be found who will give the pair a chance of meeting, and turn her head away while those unhappy lovers are warbling endless good-byes close up to each other's ears."

Isaiah Brown.

For Saturday Night.

Fair and pleasant Monte Carlo! by fair Paillon's winding shore,
Tender mem'ries linger round thee of the wild, hot days of yore,
When the tones of sweet voiced lovers, and the gentle southern breeze
Woo'd the smiles of chic Celestine, or the sighs of Heloise.

I remember, Monte Carlo! standing by thy tapis vert,
And the pilgrims from Beersheba-unto-Dan were gather'd there,
Flinging Naps and five franc pieces, passe and manque, on black and red,
Transversale, en plein et carre', and an oftime plunge on Z.

Cocottes from the Quartier Breda, redolent of La Mabille,—
English 'Arry "hon a houting," with his plunder'd master's till,—
Grand dames from the stateller faubourgs,—swels from Hyde Park and the Mall,
Chevaliers, and Scamperowaks—gather'd in that gambling hell.

Parbleus! shrugs, and fierce sac—r—r—ings,—as the French man only can,
Faces, flush'd with deep excitement, fev'rishly the tables scan,
And the croupiers, pale! impassive! raked their gold into the maw
Of dead Blanc's fair, fat, and forty, and her princely son-in-law.

But one face, above all others, rivetted my wandering gaze,
Ever present is yon victim of the gambler's unadd'ning craze
On my shuddering heart and hearing rings his wild cry, as he tos'd—
With a curse, his last Napoleon on the fatal red—and lost.

Nought to me that homely Saxon, clad in loose ill-fitting clothes,
Yet my heart went out unto him, yea! I long'd to hear his woes,
And, I follow'd when he vanish'd, heedless of the table's jeer,
More to me his awful anguish than the bloodless gamester's sneer.

Swift his pace, but mine was swifter,—as he gain'd the alley'd way,
I could hear this gibb'ring madman, ruin'd by accursed play;
Saw the baleful barrel's gleaming flash athwart his temple,—and
God be thank'd!! an iron grasp had stay'd the suicidal hand.

Suave officials sought to soothe him, begg'd him to assuage his ire,
All in vain! he cried the louder, death was now his sole desire,
What to him were peace and quiet? Who could soften his distress?
Far from home, a broken stranger! ruin'd he, and penniless.

Whisper'd they,—the administration might exercise parental care,
If Monsieur would but refrain from climbing up the golden stair.

And they show'd this "roshif-boologue" 'til ot according unto Hoyle
Thus, for swels who're "on their uppers," to shuffle off this mortal coil.

Then, anon, the administration reprehensively did chide,
And it spoke in terms abhorrent of that baffled suicide,
God had given it the casino for its own, and country's good,
And, ma foi! 'twas most ungrateful thus to stain its halls with blood.

But, it said, it hated scandal, and, in short, would compromise,
Would Monsieur accept its offer? And—all speechless with surprise
"Done and done," I heard him twitter, saw him pocket fifty pounds,
And that night he left forever fair Monaco's narrow bounds

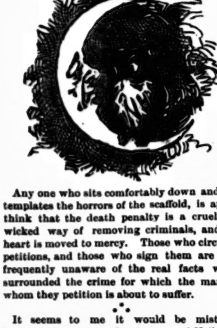
Ruin'd? Nay! Would you believe it, that those Monte Carlo cranks
Subsidized a scamp whose losings hardly total'd thirty francs?

Poppy-cock they found his ravings, and his pistol well rammed down
With note paper, and this on it—"Debt—DISCHARGED! Isaiah Brown."

Fare thee well, sweet Monte Carlo, by calm Paillon's winding shore,
Golden sunshine rest upon thee, though I ne'er should see thee more.
Ta-ta Vaurienne! Scamperouskis! Bye, bye, rooks of London town!
Pales your light beneath the glory of that cad,—Isaiah Brown.

H. K. COCKIN

Here and There.



Any one who sits comfortably down and contemplates the horrors of the scaffold, is apt to think that the death penalty is a cruel and wicked way of removing criminals, and his heart is moved to mercy. Those who circulate petitions, and those who sign them are very frequently unaware of the real facts which surrounded the crime for which the man for whom they petition is about to suffer.

* * *

It seems to me it would be mistaken leniency to commute the sentence of Neil, who is sentenced to be hanged for stabbing the guard in the Central Prison. It may be as ex-Mayor Howland, in his letter to the Minister of Justice, says, that he has always had criminal surroundings, and that in default of a home for street waifs, society is largely to blame for his vicious temperament and murderous conduct; but it is well to recollect the fact that tens of thousands of boys are born to such a life, and come through it without being guilty of murder.

* * *

One of the most startlingly unusual arguments is advanced in the letter referred to, that Neil intended only to wound the guard in order that he might be removed to another prison. What more absolute evidence of the necessity of removing the murderer to another world could be found than is supplied by such an admission as this? Those who go around stabbing others and inflicting murderous wounds for their own advantage are necessarily much more dangerous than those who commit homicide because they are starving or maddened by passion. That Neil is only eighteen is no argument. He has been a brutal criminal ever since the police commenced to write his history, and that he has reached the climax of his guilt before having attained his majority is a proof of his depravity. Men are hanged in order to remove them from any opportunity to commit further depredations, and in accordance with the old Scriptural idea of a life for a life. Any lad who can cause the death of a fellow mortal, with no stronger incentive than to enhance his own personal comfort, cannot but be a continual menace to society. Even in prison he has become a murderer. It may be, as ex-Mayor Howland, says, that he is morally dull. Many are constituted in a similar way who are not murderers. Many of them are, or have been, the occupants of high positions. It is not an excuse. The removal of Neil from any further opportunity to spill blood and commit crime is demanded for the safety of the community, and any pleading for his life, except on the grounds of insanity, is a dangerous precedent. If the man is proven insane let him be confined in the dangerous ward of a lunatic asylum. It is unlikely that he is a lunatic. If he is, he is one by birth, and just what value the sparing of the wretched man's life would be, either to himself or to the community, is a question which no one can answer. What would be the loss if he be hanged? His future is not impaired and the safety of the community is enhanced. This may seem a sort of heartless argument, but it is an absolute fact. Men are not hanged out of revenge, but because their existence is not only useless but dangerous. The dull moral perception is not likely to brighten, nor is the man who committed murder while undergoing punishment for a minor crime likely to repent and ever be in a better condition to meet his Maker. Then why should he be spared, if, as Rev. Dr. Kellogg proved last Sunday night, the world is being overcrowded?

* * *

A wave of business immorality has lately swept over Toronto, if indeed it has yet subsided. Everybody is enquiring the cause and the remedy. As to the cause, a friend of mine told me the other day that the wholesale men are largely to blame; and the remedy will be found when they stop allowing retailers to compromise at forty cents, twenty cents, and even ten cents on the dollar, as has been done so frequently of late. "Why," he said, "just look at the case for a moment. Here am I, working along and paying one hundred cents on the dollar, when along comes Mr. Blank and opens out a new stock in my line. Having a few hundred dollars in cash he is able to secure goods to the extent of as many thousands on credit. But it is not very long before he finds that there were already enough in the business; he cannot make ends meet; he finds himself getting further and further behind, and despite his cutting of prices he has finally to call a meeting of his creditors; and being an honest fellow and a sober man, he secures a compromise anywhere from fifty to ten cents, and is ready to begin again and peg upon his business rivals by being able to sell cheaper than they can, because he doesn't pay one hundred cents on the dollar, as they do. Or if it isn't the newcomer who compromises, the business gets so cut up that the older one fails. But it doesn't matter which one fails, the point I want to make holds good—that the system of compromising is a direct incentive to business immorality, and will be found to be the keynote of the low tone of morality which pervades the business world to-day.

* * *

"If you think I am too sweeping in my assertions," my friend continued, "I will give you an illustration which came under my own personal observation, so that I can vouch for its accuracy. Last year my brother was on the road for a Hamilton firm, and calling on a customer at B., found him in a furious temper. 'You can't sell me anything,' he said; 'here have I been in business for fifteen years, paying a hundred cents on the dollar all the time, and there's J. & Co., across the road, who only went into business four years ago, have compromised at forty cents, and are going on again. And to make it worse, your firm with whom I have left thousands of dollars, were one of the largest creditors! No use of a man trying to be honest in the face of facts such as that, is there?' And the sequel to the story is, that in less than three months that man had called a meeting of his creditors, submitted a statement of his affairs, and secured a compromise at fifty cents! 'For,' as he said to my brother afterwards, 'I didn't mind going ten cents better than the other fellows!'"

* * *

"But if the compromise is not allowed, the stock will have to be sold, and when it is thrown on the market it will probably not bring more than forty cents on the dollar," said I, "and will demoralize trade just as much that way as the other!" "No," said he, "it won't. If the man who has failed loses his business, he will quit trying to make money by 'failing.'"

* * *

It is an encouraging sign of the times to see some of the leading New York papers denouncing, in no very mild terms, the recent six days walk there; and asserting that it is time such useless, brutalizing and cruel exhibitions should be put a stop to. The fact that Albert, the winner, will pocket nearly five thousand dollars as his share of the week's receipts, will make him a sort of hero in the eyes of thousands, especially of the young people. But let all who are thus prone to envy him his success, just stop for a moment and think of the cost at which it was won. This match was managed execrably; it attracted chiefly the rowdy element of the city; it was productive of great suffering, and in some cases positive physical injury to the participants; an enormous amount of money was put up on bets; and generally, as has already been stated, it was a useless, brutalizing and cruel exhibition. No country that values its manhood and is desirous of raising a hardy, honest race of men and women, can afford to have its moral atmosphere polluted by scenes such as were witnessed on the track and in the building at the race in question. Although nearly fifty men started in this race, so soon did the terrible strain of constant walking tell on their constitutions, that the great majority were soon forced to drop out, and only thirteen of them stayed the full six days in the race. And as if to show that some of these stayed, on only in hopes of securing a share of the receipts and without any prospect of coming up to previous records, or of even making a fair showing, the score of the lowest of these thirteen was only 209 miles against the 621 miles of the winner.

Our Financial Article.

In looking over SATURDAY NIGHT it appeared to me as though a few business thoughts and recollections might prove interesting to its readers, especially to those who like myself are engaged in commercial pursuits. I am not writing for the ladies, but after they have devoured the social news, and read the graphic description of their much beloved pastor, should the breadwinner of the family cast his eyes upon these reflections, and find anything interesting, I have scored my point.

*

A gentleman from New York asked me the other day whether forgeries were common in Canada. From the way the question was put, I felt convinced that he imagined it was an every day occurrence for bankers to discover them. The impression prevails that some bankers prefer that class of paper called "crooked," because they can depend upon its being provided for at maturity. From an intimate acquaintance with many bankers, and their method of doing business, I feel that this is doing an injustice to the banking institutions of this country: and while we here now and again of forged paper being under discount, it is usually discovered in those accounts which are regarded as weak, and which are closely scrutinized by banks. My opinion is that there are but few perpetrators who are not discovered.

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I remember a few years ago an instance occurring in a western town, not far from London, where the name of a relative—a prominent physician—had been forged by a cattle dealer. The paper had been discounted in one of the chartered banks, and shortly after the physician called into the bank to speak to one of the clerks. The manager seeing him casually remarked that he had discounted the note. The physician appeared surprised at the information and when asked for a definite answer as to whether he had made the note or not, hesitated for a moment and then replied, "yes, I signed it, but for G——'s sake don't say anything about it." It was thus he saved the relative who subsequently failed for a large amount and fled the country. Other instances could be mentioned where such transactions have been covered up, but considering that business throughout the Dominion is largely done on paper, it is not to be wondered that occasionally crooked notes appear.

*

I have stated that the business of the country is done largely on paper. This is a fact, as the cash man is an exception which business men know to their regret. In no part of the world is the credit system so abused as in Canada, and instead of improving it has been gradually growing worse. It is safe to say at no period in the history of the Dominion has credit been so cheap as in the past year. The advent of a large wholesale house or two so demoralized trade that the regular credit terms have been recklessly abandoned and every facility offered to sharks to defraud. The numerous failures have not been occasioned through the inability to obtain legitimate profits, but many of them are the outcome of a desire to get rich at the expense of creditors—probably the most glaring instance is that of a two-year-old firm doing business in Trenton. Through advertising extensively and selling at close figures, they created a furore among the farming community for many miles around. The most modern improvements in the way of appointments were added to the premises, and the wholesale trade, carried away by the imposing surroundings, became an easy prey. It must be remembered that the business antecedents as well as the moral character of both partners were unsavory, and in the face of these facts a loss of fully $120,000 had to be faced by the wholesale dry goods trade, nearly two-thirds of which was sustained by our city merchants.

*

That this rashness is not confined to one class of trade, the furniture manufacturers know to the cost of about $200,000 through failures which have occurred during the past few weeks in this city alone, a large proportion of this sum being sustained by firms who can ill afford to lose it.

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To my mind concerted action on the part of the banks would work a cure. Ninety-five per cent. of our wholesale merchants are obliged to discount their customers' paper, and it practically rests with a few financiers to say whether or not this long dated paper is to be negotiable or not. Give it a trial and see if trade will not be established on a better basis.

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Speaking about banks—I never speculated in my life—never had a dollar of stock on margin. If I did, I sometimes think I should be a chronic bear. Take the experience of the past year—what disaster to the unfortunate stock holders. The misery occasioned by the suspension or liquidation of three banking institutions viz: Bank of London, Central and Federal. To the credit of the former (whose president is now languishing in jail) it must be said that shareholders will receive about 95 per cent. of their holdings.

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To mention the failure of the second institution appears to be an old matter, but to some of those who have suffered, the remembrance will live until the end of the chapter. After exhausting the double liability the depositors cannot expect to receive more than 45 per cent. of their claims. I am inclined to think that the liquidators will meet with great disappointment when the process of collecting the double liabilities is put into force. I know already where steps have been taken to evade the law and when calls are made many will be found execution proof. After such mismanagement can you blame the innocent stockholders?

*

The winding up of the Federal is in good hands. I have great confidence in Mr. Hammond who is a keen, capable business man and thoroughly posted in the conduct of a bank. Under his management the Bank of Hamilton had a prosperous career and at the time that Mr. Strathy was deposed he was my choice for the general managership of the Federal. I believe that shareholders will receive eighty cents on the dollar, but cannot keep thinking how wise the general manager was in arranging for the prompt payment of his salary. Ye gods! think of it. Salary and interest for five years amounts to nearly $85,000, besides an opportunity to invest in some enterprises that the bank, with its depleted capital, could not carry. Is the Potts Lumber Company still in existence?

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Another offshoot of the Central is no more, and the Portable Gas Co. has called its creditors together. It was started two yeas ago with a prospectus brimful of promises of large dividends, which, however, have not been realized, and the visible assets are very small. Its principal promoters were the directors of the defunct Central, but how a worthy, wealthy and venerable director of several of our financial institutions was induced to lend his name to the concern, has always been a subject of comment. I believe that it is the first concern that he has ever been connected with that has not paid its creditors.

*

I have in my mind at present a man whose commercial career in this city has been one series of successes. Every venture until two months ago was a profitable one, but the reverses came sharp and sudden—a loss of $25,000 in two manufacturing companies—$40,000 through a defunct bank, in which he was a director, and several other minor losses. Fortunately for himself his house is in good order. The strangest feature of the change is, his friends say, he is much more agreeable than he has been for years.

MOSES.

A Rising Artist.

We publish this week a portrait of Miss Susie Ryan, daughter of our well-known citizen, Mr. Peter Ryan. Miss Ryan is one of our most promising young musicians. She is a native of England and was born in Ormskirk, Lancashire. She has studied vocal music under William Courtenay of New York, and piano under Sebastian Bach Mills. She has also been a pupil of Mr. Torrington. The principal part of her education was obtained at Loretto Abbey, in this city. To complete her musical education, Miss Ryan has recently left for Europe to study at the Royal Conservatory at Leipsig. We wish her all success in her studies, and hope to be able to welcome her back home as one of our most brilliant queens of song.

Dorothy is proving a decided draw. The expansive shirt-front and the jewelled hair-dress have once again driven the sombre daily wear and the hideous high hat out of the field, for which blessing let us be thankful. It is certainly one of the most pleasing operas which has reached Toronto. An accession of honesty on the part of its perpetrators calls it a comedy-opera. This appellation is just, as its success is due as much to its comedy element, as to its musical construction. The comedy element in its turn, rests almost solely on the shoulders of Mr. Harry Paulton, as Lurcher. He is simply great. A curiously long body with short waddling legs, and a face that can only be properly described as a mug gave him a tremendous stock-in-trade as a comedian. This mug he makes as expressionless as a street-door knocker and about as pretty, and herein lies the fun. The only departure from this blank waste is when he brings out his inimitable "Beg your parding."

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Paulton's fun is strongly aided by Miss Rose Leighton's Mrs. Privett; with those two the comedy element begins and ends. The other have no fun in their parts or in themselves. What there is of a plot in the comedy opera is a distinct tribute to the excellences of Erminie, for as in that opera the fun and tangled skeins are caused by the masquerading of two thieves, so in Dorothy these necessary ingredients are presented by the obligation forced on Geoffrey Wilder to carry a barnacle like a bailiff about with him, and to introduce him to the aristocracy of Chanticleer Hall. The imitation, which is the sincerest form of flattery, goes so far as to introduce a hall or staircase into the scenery, affording room for picturesque grouping and the usual nocturnal muddle and night-gown chorus.

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Some of this sincerest flattery is also visible in the music, notably in the *finale* of the first act, which will make Sir Arthur Sullivan's friends thankful that the Sorcerer was undoubtedly previous to Dorothy, otherwise another plagiarism would be charged to Sir Arthur's already overburdened account. As it is, Mr. Alfred Cellier is the offender this time. Still the music is bright and tuneful, full of go and snap and contains much of the sort that the boys will whistle on leaving the house. The company is good. Miss Lilian Russell, the famous, is a fine singer and a good actress. Her Dorothy is a bright, charming character. She dresses beautifully, although her maid might darn the hole in the back of her right stocking. She is ably sustained by Miss Agnes Stone as Lydia Hawthorne, who does some pretty acting in the duel scene.

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Mr. Eugene Oudin is an actor who sings the tenor part of Wilder. He has a fine, virile voice, and is a well-trained actor and singer, but has to do some grand and lofty tumbling to get his work in. His dodging to sing all the tenor music is a splendid lesson to aspiring singers. There is a ballet, advertised as the only ballet incidental to comic opera in America. It is eight in number, and is a pleasing, though perhaps unaccountable, feature in the opera. The chorus is good, and is supplemented by a pack of foxhounds, who form the central feature in the tableau at the close of the first act. On Monday evening every one wanted to encore the dogs, but only the bipeds came out before the curtain. Hand some dresses and well-designed scenery help to make Dorothy a success.

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I don't very often go to matinees but I tried one at the Toronto on Wednesday afternoon and found the theater crowded to see Joe Dowling and Nellie Page in their melo-sensational variety show Never Say Die. The performance seemed to please the audience, which was made up largely on the first floor by ladies and children. The upper tiers were wild with delight when the great feature of the performance took place and Jack Wallingford sprang into the huge vat which represents the river and rescues Drift, a wild flower, from "real water." I would suggest that Miss Nellie Page, who plays Drift, should practice a new scream, as the shriek she gives when in the act of drowning is much more like the noise made by a young lady who sits down on the business end of a pin than the terror-stricken cry of one face to face with death. Mr. Joseph J. Dowling, if he were more careful in his elocution and would quit talking through his nose with the rapidity of a man trying to get ahead of an expert stenographer, would make a very good actor. The support was evidently chosen with a view to the minstrel entertainment in the third act, where they all appear in songs, a moke dance and walk-around, to which they do much greater justice than to the other parts assigned them in the play. The story of the play is widely improbable, but for all that it is interesting and contains enough shooting and shouting to satisfy the most exacting audience that ever gathered in a top gallery. It is not pretentious and the actors do not pretend to be Booths or Barretts. The show is precisely what is advertised, and wherever it goes it will be largely patronized and greatly appreciated by those who like to see blood spilt in every act and heroic rescues interspersed with dialogue of a very unusual character. It could, however, be very much improved without lessening its force, even with the "gods," if some of the boot-black wit and slang were eliminated.

Next week at the Grand, opens with Pop, from which the more cultured and critical theater-goers will probably absent themselves in order to do justice to Rosina Vokes, whose charming acting always reaps a rich reward in Toronto.

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At the Toronto next week A Great Wrong.

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The Toronto Press Club are discussing the advisability of bringing Mrs. Scott-Siddons back to Toronto this season.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Nym Crinkle says: An Englishman fights against every improved method and appliance with the stolid desperation of a Brahmin. He looks at Daly's innovations upon Shakespeare with the same horror with which he would regard a man who revived the Magna Charta, or proposed to put a fire-escape on Westminister Abbey. He holds to some of his outworn stage flummery just as he holds to the Lord Mayor's show and his portable bathing tub. His sense of reverence for what is useless makes him use candles instead of gas in his hotels; his suspicion of everybody who hasn't brought a letter of introduction makes him carry his own luggage instead of trusting an express company and lock himself up in a railway coach.

George C. Miln, ex-preacher and tragedian, recently stated to a writer on the *Omaha Republican*, that all reports about his having left the stage are nothing more nor less than revived utterances of a semi-annual liar who has been following him around the country for several years. He goes to England shortly and will continue his career there until after the presidential election. Then he will return to this country and will probably appear in a New York theater with a new play.

Booth and Barrett are piling up solid arguments against the belief that the public taste has altogether degenerated. Their receipts all along this season's route have been extraordinary. The Booth and Barrett sale opened in Galveston, and within three hours the entire lower part of the house was sold for $4,000. At Houston all the seats went in one hour. An extra performance was given there to accommodate the wishes of those that were disappointed. The Dallas sale—the largest in the South—is $5,000; the house sold out in three hours. An addition performance will not satisfy the demand. Who says now that the legitimate has gone to the demnition bow-wows?

Some of the money that Mr. Irving will take out of America will go to the establishment of his London theater. What he will leave in return is not so easily estimated. I have tried very hard to sum up the benefits that he has conferred upon the American stage. It must be allowed that he has given us a fine example of what a man of intelligence, with a fixed purpose and a good backer, can do in the star business. But I cannot exactly see in what respect he has shown us the possibilities of dramatic genius.

Robert B. Mantel, who has been making a study of Othello and rehearsing it the past two months with his company on the road, will appear in the role for the first time at the Academy of Music, Reading, Pa., this Saturday afternoon. Monbars was also given its first presentation in Reading.

Mrs. Langtry and the Baroness Blanc have rented the summer residence of the late Charles J. Osborn, at Marmaroneck, for the coming season, at a rental of $12,000. It is evident that these two notable woman have made up their minds to have a royal good time this summer.

Society in Boston has opened wide its doors to Miss Ellen Terry during her engagement there. She and her pretty daughter have been everywhere received with the utmost cordiality by the representatives of the best society, and the grace of the charming actress has proved just as winning off as on the stage. The demands of her profession have prevented her accepting several invitations, the like of which has never been extended to an actress in Boston until now.

Regimental Dinners.

The fifth annual dinner of the Sergeants' mess of the Queen's Own Rifles was held last Friday, and was an unqualified success in every particular. Among the invited guests were Lieut.-Col. Otter, D.A.G.; Lieut.-Col. F. C. Denison, M.P.; Lieut.-Col. Gray, Brigade Major; Lieut.-Col. Allan, Capt. McDonald, Capt. Mutton, Capt. Murray, Q.O.R.; Major Meade, T.F.B.; Surgeon Lesslie, Staff-Sergt. Bayley, North-West Mounted Police; Mr. L. H. Irving and Capt. Wadmore, "C" Co. T.S.C., while letters of regret were received from Mayor Clarke, Col. Grasett and others who were unable to accept the invitations extended to them.

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After due attention had been paid to the good things provided by the indispensable Harry Webb, Sergeant Major Crean, who made an excellent chairman, proceeded with the toast list, which was hurried through, to allow of the tables being removed, that opportunity might be given for more social intercourse. Short speeches, interspersed with songs and recitations, made the hours fly almost unnoticed, and as the company gradually broke up it was the unanimous opinion of the guests that the Sergeants of the Queen's Own were indeed a set of "jolly good fellows," nothing being left undone to make every one enjoy himself. The following were the Board of Management, to whose efforts the success of the dinner was largely due:—Staff-Sergt. Strachan, President; Staff-Sergt. Burns, Vice-President; Color-Sergt. LeVesconte, Secretary; Sergt. Henderson, Treasurer; Bugle Major Swift, Color Sergt. Domelle, Sergt Higinbotham, Sergt. Small.

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G Co., Royal Grenadiers, held their annua dinner at the Criterion, last Friday evening, Col.-Sergt Curzon presiding, with Sergt. Judge in the vice-chair. Capt. Manley was present on behalf of the staff, and Capt. Bruce on behalf of the company officers. A few hours were pleasantly spent in offering toasts, making speeches and singing songs.

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A pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation to Capt. Bruce, as President of the Rifle Association, of the cup won for three successive years by the company for volley firing at the annual regimental matches.

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOU AND BESSIE EXPRESS THEIR OPINION.

Half an hour later Frank Gaylor drove through the old red gate and ran into the house to tell Bessie the name of her proposed stepmother. He had shared the high opinion his father and mother had of Ruth, and had he not heard the Deacon's declaration and his father's statement that it concerned her, he would have believed it impossible, for, next to Bessie, Frank thought Ruth the best and most beautiful woman on earth. When his father came back to the house and said the Deacon was on his way to see Ruth, Frank and his mother laughed at the idea, but Uncle Abe's wrath and his statement that he had promised the Deacon to tell no more, forced them to the conclusion that Ruth it was and no other!

The kitchen was deserted when Frank entered, but he could hear voices in the sitting room, and thither he hastened without waiting to knock at the door. The lamps had not yet been lighted, and in the darkening room Frank could barely see that Bess and Lou were sitting on the floor, leaning against the lounge, on which Hope was reclining. Israel, silent and miserable, sat in the rocking chair, dismally swaying to and fro, while his sisters, sometimes in tears but always in bitterness, discussed the coming change in their home life. The moment Frank opened the door Bessie sprang to her feet with the excited question:

"Who is it, Frank? Tell us quick!"

"Ruth Gilbert."

"Wh-a-a-t!" cried the three girls in chorus.

"Ruth Gilbert!" repeated Frank, sententiously, rather proud of having so quickly obtained the desired information.

"Her!" cried Lou, fiercely ready to denounce whoever it might be, "That trollop of a thing!"

"Hush! Louie!" whispered Hope, warningly, as she rose to a sitting posture and touched the angry girl warningly on the shoulder.

"I won't hush!" sobbed Lou, resentfully. "To think of that flirt coming here to lord it over us. No decent woman would have done it!"

"Louie! Louie! Don't be in such haste to judge her," insisted Hope softly. "There may be a mistake. I can't believe it."

"Frank, are you sure?" demanded Bessie. "It doesn't seem possible that Ruth Gilbert would think for a minute of marrying father!"

"I guess there isn't any mistake; the Deacon himself told father!"

"When did he tell him?"

"Not half an hour ago. You see, after I left here I saw your father turn along the river road goin' just as slow as his horse could walk, and as he'd have to pass our place I hurried on home and got there in time to get father out at the gate to pump him where he was goin'. Father promised the Deacon not to tell what passed between them; but he was so mad to think of Ruth marryin' him, he blurted out where he was steering for, and I started right off to tell you. That's all I know about it, but father believed it or he wouldn't have got so mad; he always thought Ruth about right."

"So did I," said Bessie regretfully, "but if she's going to marry father I'll believe every bad story I ever heard about her!"

"I won't," exclaimed Israel, "I don't b'lieve a word of them."

"*You* don't!" cried Lou scornfully, "what does a silly old stupid like you know about women?"

"Not much, mebbe, but if I thought they was as bad as some folks thinks 'em, I'd be sorry I had any sisters," retorted Israel warmly, with a thought of Hope in what he said.

"Don't compare us with that thing, Israel Jones! Your sisters haven't ever run the roads with men that respectable girls wouldn't speak to!"

"Mebbe they hain't had a chance! Like enuf if *you* hadn't had some one teh look after yeh, there 'd bin stories 'bout yeh!"

"*Israel Jones!* How dare you?" Lou demanded, angrily.

At this moment Bessie struck a match and lit the lamp. Its yellow glare discovered Lou, with tear-stained and wrathful face, glaring at her brother.

"Don't begin to quarrel, Lou, and lead people to think we fight all the time," suggested Bessie, pettishly.

"I don't think you need lecture me. I'm not the one that does the row-making in this house."

"You're the one to-night anyway," snapped Bessie, with a look that silenced her sister. "But I suppose when Ruth Gilbert comes here to bring us up, we'll all be sweet and quiet as little mice."

Lou flung herself into a chair exclaiming, "What'll ever become of us?"

"Likely we'll have a lively time," suggested Bessie sarcastically, "Ruth is very fond of company and I suppose all her old admirers will call to see her and that in itself would make quite a rush."

Frank Gaylor, sitting astride a chair with his elbows on the back, suggested to Lou that may be she would be able to make a strike on Jim Foster.

"The idea!" cried Lou, savagely, "of that nasty brute being a friend of our stepmother! I'll leave the house the instant she comes in."

"So will I," added Bessie, "nobody'll ever stepmother me!"

"And think of that Gilbert woman coming here and taking mother's place!"

"Don't mention her and mother in the same breath," said Bessie, sharply. "She isn't fit to be spoken of—"

"Hush, Bessie," interposed Hope, gently, "you should not speak so harshly of one you know nothing bad about. The stories you have heard of her may be all false!"

"But they're not false! She ran the roads with every low rough who had a horse and buggy! That much everybody knows! And if she's willing to marry father that shows she isn't good or even decent."

Hope rose to leave the room. The scene with the girls had been extremely painful, as her own misfortunes were every moment recalled by the references to the stories about Ruth.

"I think you are wrong," said she. "I cannot believe Ruth Gilbert to be a bad woman, nor that she is likely to marry your father. Do not condemn her before you are sure."

"Oh, I don't wonder you side with Ruth," said Lou, with a laugh that only half hid a sneer.

"Why?" enquired Hope, coldly, a feeling of deadly sickness creeping over her.

"Because you've been talked about your—"

"Lou Jones!" screamed Bessie, trying too late to stop her sister's cruel words, and only checking them at last by putting her hand over Lou's mouth. "How can you say such a thing to Hope?"

Lou, thoroughly angered by the afternoon's experience, seemed determined to have her fling, and roughly shoving Bessie to one side, was about to continue, when Israel sprang from his chair and seizing his sister by the shoulders gave her a shake that might have dislocated her spine.

"Speak another word," he roared, "an' I'll jerk th' head off yeh!"

Israel had never before laid violent hands on either of his sisters, and Lou, dizzy with fright and the shaking up she had received, began to cry in a very shrill and hysterical key.

"Israel," whispered Hope, her lips white and trembling, "don't take my part. What she says is true. I have been talked about and had no right to stay here as if I were as—as good as other people."

"Dang it, girl, *you air* as good as other people, an' a dang sight better! I know all about it: I overheard th' hull thing when father was talkin' t' yeh, an' I knowed it wa'n't your fault; yeh hain't done nothin' wrong, so what'ter yeh talkin' like this fer?"

Seeing the look of shame and horror on her face and thinking she feared that he was about to describe the scene he paused and then continued in a lower tone:

"Don't be skeered I'm gunto tell, fer I hain't. A yoke a' cattle couldn't drag it out a' me. But I kin say that yer th' best an' noblest woman ever came t these parts an' them that talk about yeh ought teh be horse-whipped!"

With as savage a glance as his mild blue eyes could give he glared at Lou, who, in expectation of developments had quit crying and was looking wonderingly at her brother. Bessie had stolen up to Hope and thrown her arm around her.

"An' you'd go an' throw up teh *her* about *stories*. You haint heard no stories, fer nobody knows nuthin' 'bout it but me'n father! If you know'd what she's gone through yeh'd cut yer tongue out fer sayin' them words teh her thet yeh did! Her! Her! Why dern yeh she could a' bin yer stepmother if she'd a' wanted teh! If yeh'd heer'd what I did yeh'd say yeh haint fit teh kiss th' ground she walks on an' yet a little ornery brat like you kin throw up teh her, that she haint what she oughteh be! If yeh air my own sister I feel like lickin' yeh till yeh'r black'n blue!"

"That's so!" ejaculated Frank Gaylor in an unguarded moment, anxious to corroborate Israel's statement regarding the Deacon's desire to marry Hope.

Lou flamed up in a moment, glad to change the subject and eager to find an object on which to vent her wrath. "Yeh would, would yeh! I'd like to see *you* try to black and blue me! What right have yeh to stick *your* lip in! Yeh seem to think yer one of the family, but yeh haint ner never will be if father ever hears about yeh being drunk up to the tavern last winter!"

This shaft had often before been shot at Frank, and though he knew Bess had heard the facts, it pierced him to the core. His face crimsoned and with an appealing look at Bessie, he stammered:

"I guess everybody but father'n mother's heard of that an' you can go'n tell *them* if yeh like."

"I thank yeh, I ain't goin' round tattlin', but if yeh try to run on me, I'll show yeh I won't have it!"

"Lou, shet up!" shouted Israel, "er I'll hev teh slap yeh yit! Yeh don't seem teh know nuthin' but teh throw things up. It wa'n't Frank's fault he got tipsy; the fellers put up a job on 'im, an' he wa'n't teh blame sept fer bein' in bad company, an' he haint bin in it sence. I know that for a fact. I could throw things up teh you if I minded, 'bout the mischief yer made for me an' lots of other folks, but I won't show myself off 'cause *you* do, but if yeh ever say things agin like yeh did t'night I'll *slap* yeh, if father throws me off the farm fer it the next minit."

"Israel, Israel, don't!" sobbed Hope on Bessie's shoulder. "I'm not worth a quarrel. I'll go away to—"

"No yeh won't g'way; yer gunto stop right here till things is set right, an' it won't be long, I kin tell that. Don't let no snip of a girl run yeh off. Yev got friends an' ther gunto see yeh through this thing!" vociferated Israel, thoroughly excited.

"If you're a sample of them!" sneered Lou, who was now seated on the lounge, surcharged with all the Jones meanness and bad grammar she had inherited from her father. "I wouldn't give much for th' lot. A man who'd threaten teh strike his sister isn't no man!"

"I hain't never hit yeh yit, often as yeh deserved it, an' mebbe I hain't much of a man no more'n you'r much of a woman, but there's others that *is* men an' they haint gunto see Hope Campton get the worst of it, nuther." Israel's significant tone aroused Lou's curiosity.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"You'll see, an' yeh'll be sorry fer th' way yer acted t'night er my name hain't what it is."

"Israel," said Hope, sadly, "don't discuss it any more, let it drop. I don't want to be the cause of a family quarrel. Just as soon as I can I'll leave—"

"Now, say, you must stop that sort of talk too, Hope," said Bessie firmly, "you are not going to leave till we do. So just go up stairs and get ready for supper and if I hear another word I'll take the broomstick to the whole of you."

Hope glad to escape, ran up to her room while Lou in a very sulky and ugly frame of mind helped her sister to prepare the meal.

Out in the barn where they were feeding the horses Israel took the disheartened Frank into his confidence and after having made him swear a dozen iron-clad oaths not to tell, he informed him that Ben was home and startling developments might be expected almost any day.

The Jones were not entirely a happy or harmonious family but there are plenty just like them.

(To be Continued.)

Agent (at the door)—Is the lady of the house in?

Gentleman (calling to his wife)—Mary, is the cook in?—*Burlington Free Press.*

Funny Fancies.

The main advantage of being a lawyer is knowing just how much of the law you can break with safety.

Elsie—I had twenty-seven offers of marriage this season, dear.

Ellie—From the same man, love?

Woman (who has given a cold bite to a tramp)—You don't look very healthy!

Tramp—No, madam, it's indigestion, caused by eating between meals—other people's meals.—*New York Sun.*

Husband (home late)—Ish you (hic) ready t'have me reformed out, my dear?

Wife—Yes; but I'll get up and turn it out myself, John. I'm afraid to have you get so near the flame.

"Papa, why do they always call a railroad train she?"

"Because it takes three or four men to manage her, my son," replied Mr. Dawdle, glaring toward his wife.—*Chicago News.*

Mary—Why did you look under the bed?

Jane—For a man.

Mary—Why don't you look out of the window? There's a man in the moon.

Jane—Pooh! He's too far away.

"Richard Harris, died February 13, 1877, of delirium tremens, aged forty-one years." This is the inscription an Atchison (Kan.) woman had carved upon her late husband's tombstone—a shaft of granite, about which is wound, from base to apex, the image of a snake as large as a man's arm.

Brown (whispering to Robinson)—You are safe enough in asking Dumley to drink. He's just sworn off.

Robinson (calling to Dumley)—Dumley, come and join us!

Dumley—Thanks, no, I've sworn off. Tell the bartender to send me a good cigar.

Mother (shouting up-stairs)—Jennie are you dressing for the party?

Daughter (shouting down-stairs)—Nome. I haven't begun to dress yet.

M.—Begin then right away. Come hump yourself.

D.—Hump myself. Bridget, bring me my bustle.

Oh, Harry dear, the interdict
Of lent will soon be here,
That I must make some sacrifice
To conscience doth appear,
And as self-abnegation forms
To prompt what's best to do,
It seems the proper caper, Jose,
For me to give up you.

—*Whitehall Times.*

"Come and dine with me to-day, Grindstone," said Kiljordan, "the bill of fare will just suit you. Calves' brains is the principal dish.

"I'll come, Kiljordan," said Grindstone, "in order that you may have one man at the table who can eat calves' brains without making a cannibal of himself."

Prince of Wales—Mamma, allow me to present you to Mr. Blaine of America.

Victoria—Happy to meet him.

"And this is Mr. Gould."

"Glad to see you, sir."

"And this is Mr. Cody."

"I have had the honor of meeting Mr. Cody before, my son, but what means this omission? Where is Mr. Sullivan?"

"He wouldn't come."

Dry-goods clerk (to fellow clerk)—Timmy, you remember I told you of a desperate flirtation I had with a beautiful girl at Saratoga when I was on my vacation?

Timmy—Yes, chappie.

Dry-goods clerk—She was in here to-day and bought some dress goods.

Timmy—What did she have to say?

Dry-goods clerk—She asked me if the goods would wash; that's all.—*Puck.*

Merchant to Collector—John, are the Slimkinses going to receive to-day?

Collector—I saw their card in the papers to that effect.

Merchant—Well, take our bill for September and go up. You haven't been able to get in the last twenty-five or thirty times you called, but you can get there to-day. I tell you, John, honesty is a great blessing if you only look at it right.—*Washington Critic.*

Love-Making by Telephone.

Herr Muller, the manufacturer, had come home from his wedding tour, and had enjoyed a week of the honeymoon in his new house. Then he realized that he must attend to business, and with a woeful heart bade his little wife farewell and went to his office, a whole mile distant. But the long hours of separation from the sharer of his bliss or grief were such a heavy trial to his endurance that he finally connected his place of business and his home by a telephone wire. Thereupon tender words of deep affection were hurried to and fro by the loving couple through every hour of the day. After a week had thus passed the office work grew more pressing and our businessman felt forced to check such an extravagant waste of valuable time. He had also begun to think that sadmilla's soft words were getting tiresome and uninteresting, yet he would not for worlds allow his wife to have a suspicion of this. His genius for invention solved the riddle of how to help himself. There was old Herr Robes, an ancient clerk, about past working but kept in the firm to do odd jobs. He was a peculiar old bachelor, with a crimson nose and a sentimental turn of thought. He was accustomed to whispering romantic speeches into young ladies' ears, and delighted to fancy all the fair sex must adore him. Then, too, the sound of his voice was wonderfully similar to Muller's. This man was given some secret orders, and next day Robes was seated at the telephone and absorbed in an amorous talk with his unseen partner, while his master was engaged with his correspondence. Not at all as Muller expected, Ludmilla seemed to enjoy more and more her husband's conversation, and the telephone was kept in continual use. The manufacturer was now able to do business without hindrance, meanwhile his wife was given no cause to complain of his lessening interest in her. This condition of affairs was too agreeable. One day Muller had to make a business call quite near his house and left the office unusually early, entirely forgetting Robes and the telephone, and having made his call he went directly home, as it had become too late to matter about going back to the office. What was his amazement on entering the house to find his wife reclining on the lounge, wholly lost in the newest novel, while at the telephone, earnestly conversing with the gentleman at the office, sat—Babette, the old cook!—*Translated from the German.*

When Piping Winds do Blow.

When piping winds do blow,
And whistle loud and shrill,
And dancing feet o' the snow
Glide down the long white hill—
'Tis then the world is gay—is gay
With brave bright skies aglow,
For the long, long play of the winter day,
When piping winds do blow!

'Tis then the world is gay,
With naught to preach of gloom,
Nor ever a flower o' the May
To push into bud and bloom;
With never a blade of grass—of grass
To coax till its lances show—
But the long, long play of the winter day,
When piping winds do blow!

Never her scouts need run,
And to the skies complain
Of scorching heat o' the sun,
Or drenching blight of the rain;
Never an apple to paint—to paint
Or an ear of corn to grow—
But the long, long play of the winter day,
When piping winds do blow!

No bird in hidden nest,
To woo to flight and song,
Or rock to sleep i' the breast
Of tall pines, green and strong;
No music to teach the wave—the wave,
As it broke on the sand below—
But the long, long play of the winter day,
When piping winds do blow!

She hath no care to heed
If autumn fails to reap
Bountiful wealth o' the seed,
And golden fleece of the sheep;
Whether the stack be high—be high,
Or whether the stack be low—
What does she care in the winter fair,
When piping winds do blow!

Ah! when the winds do blow,
And whistle loud and shrill,
'Tis then the world may go,
Wherever her fancy will!
'Tis then she can dance and sing—and sing,
With never a grief to know—
But the long, long play of the winter day,
When piping winds do blow!

"He Mixed Those Papers Up."

Job Lott—*(who has dropped in to see how his valentine hit it off).*—Why, what a beauty! You must have somebody who thinks the world of you.

Miss Violet Sapolio—There's no doubt of it. A pawn ticket for five dollars stuck between the leaves, and a cost mark for the same amount on the back page, are very convincing evidences that the sender isn't selfish.—*Puck.*

Nature's Nobleman.

"Your Royal Highness," said a shabby, forlorn man who accosted a distinguished looking stranger in Chicago a few days ago, "forgive me if I have penetrated your disguise, but you can not conceal the impress of royalty stamped by nature on your brow. As a fellow-being whose father was a countryman of yours, I take the liberty to ask you for the loan of a quarter of a dol—"

"What do you mean?" demanded the distinguished-looking stranger. "What do you take me for?"

"Are you not the Duke of Edinburgh, sir?"

"No, sir; I am a delegate to the National Convention of Tailors and Custom Cutters."

"Duped again!" wailed the shabby man disappearing up an alley.—

A New Kind of Drunkenness.

The Domestic Servants' club at Berlin, Prussia, had a jollification, at which a good deal of wine was consumed, and the society had grown very noisy. In the midst of the tumult the door-keeper saw a man with a half-a-dozen umbrellas and a corresponding number of canes under his arms coming towards the door with the evident intention of carrying them off. Being stopped, the man with the umbrellas gave the officer a vacant look, but did not speak a word, and suffered himself to be arrested. Before the court he pleaded not guilty, saying he had not the slightest recollection of his deed, but that drink must have kept his ideas and his consciousness in complete abeyance. Witnesses testified that defendant had not appeared drunk, but rather not quite compos mentis at the time he had the umbrellas under his arm. A physician, having listened to the testimony, said it was probable that the defendant had been in a state of what medical men called pathologic drunkenness, which was little, if at all, perceptible outwardly, but was recognizable by a complete confusion or even effacement of ideas. On that expert testimony the court set defendant free.

Her Father's Boot.

She was fair as ||||||||||
poet's dream ||||||||||
and her eyes ||||||||||
were heav'nly ||||||||||
blue, and they ||||||||||
flashed a tender ||||||||||
der beam ||||||||||
which pierced my soul
right through. Her
father struck it rich, in
oil, or wheat, or stocks,
I don't remember
which, enough, he had
the rocks. I was but a
clerk in a down town
dry goods store, and
made, without extra
work, tenfillars
nothing more. To
meet was but to love,
to love was to pro-
pose: we vowed by
heaven above to
Share our weal and
woe. The weeks flew
by in bliss, but why
repeat a tale that
so many long ere
this is wearisome
and stale. One night
I heavely went (forgetting
I ne'er can) to ask the kind
consent of that dear, good old
man! Oh let me draw the veil
upon my dire distress, weak
words would only fail you
can surely guess. This much I'll
briefly say: He made my heart
full sore, in his rough and boist-
rous way This is the boot he wore.

And Then He Blushed.

"George, dear, I want to ask you a question."

"Ask it, darling."

"What is corned beef?"

"I hardly know myself, but it's beef prepared in some way or other. You have surely seen it."

"Well, are human beings ever prepared in that way?"

"Certainly not. What put that idea in your head?"

"I heard papa say this morning that you were terribly corned last evening."

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Don't Make a Mistake.

Don't think, gentle reader, that these people are ungallant. Not at all, but each and every one is so intensely interested in reading Don's sketch, or Here and There or Widower Jones, or some other bright feature of SATURDAY NIGHT, that they have not yet noticed the sweet young lady who has had to take a standing seat. No doubt, however, the old gentleman who is smiling so broadly will soon be through the article he is reading, and then he will be sure to make way for the young lady.

VAGABONDIA:

A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Moaning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

The fact of the matter was, that sudden pangs of remorse at his own selfishness in holding the girl bound to him, were his weakness, and Dolly's great difficulty was to pilot him safely through his shoals of doubt and self-reproach, and she had her own way of managing it. Just now her way of managing it was to comfort him bravely, coming quite close to him again, and taking hold of one of his coat buttons.

"I have thought of it a hundred times," she said, "but not since I have belonged to you, and as I have belonged to you ever since I was fifteen years old, I should think what I thought before then can hardly have the right to trouble us now. You never think of marrying any one but me, do you Griffith?"

"Think of marrying any one else!" exclaimed Griffith, indignantly. "I wouldn't marry a female Rajah with a diamond—"

"I know you wouldn't," Dolly interrupted. "I believe in you, Griffith. Why won't you believe in me? And the eyes that are to his were so perfectly honest and straightforward that the sourest of cynics must have believed them, and Griffith was neither sour nor a cynic, but simply an unsuccessful, affectionate, contradictory young man, too susceptible to outward influences for his own peace of mind.

He was a very unfortunate young man, it may as well be observed at once, and his misfortunes were all the harder to bear because he was not to blame for them. He had talent, and was industrious and indefatigable, and yet somehow or other, the Fates seemed to be against him. If he had been less honest, or less willing, he might perhaps have been more successful; but the truth was, that in his intercourse with the world's slippery ones he customarily found himself imposed upon. During his business career he had found himself imposed upon, not as an exception, but as a rule. He had done hard work, for which he had never been paid, and work for which he had been paid badly; he had fought honestly to gain footing, and somehow or other, luck had seemed to be against him, for certainly he had not gained it yet. Honest men admired and respected him, and men of intellectual work prophesied better days; but so far it had really seemed that the people who were willing to befriend him were powerless, and those who were powerful had little about the matter. So he alternately struggled and despaired, and yet retained his good nature, and, it must be confessed, occasionally enjoyed life heartily in defiance of circumstances. With every member of the Crewe household he was popular, from Tod to Mrs. Phil. His engagement to Dolly they regarded as a satisfactory arrangement. That he was barely able to support himself, and scarcely possessed a presentable suit of clothes, was to their minds the most inconsequent of trifles. It was unfortunate, perhaps, but unavoidable and their sublime trust in the luck which was to rip-in in all of them at some definitely-described future time, was their hope in this case. Some time or other he would "get into something," they had decided, and then he would marry Dolly, and they would all enjoy the attendant festivities. And in the meantime they allowed the two to be happy, and made Griffith welcome, inviting him to their little impromptu warm suppers, and fraternizing with him, and taking care never to be de trop on the occasion of tete-a-tete conversations.

The tete-a-tete of the morning ended happily enough as usual. Dolly went back to her un-picking, and Griffith, indulging in a fit of self-reproach laid for the time being, watching her in a supremely blissful state of mind. It was an agreeable thing to watch her, by the way; Griffith never tired of watching her, he frequently told her in enthusiastic confidence. The specialities of charm in Dolly Crewe was her adaptabilitv; she was never out of place; and in fact it had been said that she suited herself to her accompaniments far oftener than her accompaniments suited themselves to her. Seeing her in a shabby dress, seated on one of the shabby-padded chairs in the shabby parlor, one instinctively felt that shabbiness was not so utterly unbearable after all, and acknowledged that it had a brightness of its own. Meeting her at a club gathering in the days of the Philistines, one always found her in excellent spirits, and quite undamped in her enjoyment of the frequently ponderous rejoicings. In the Bilberry school-room among dog-eared French grammars and lead-pencilled music, education did not appear actually dispiriting; and now, as she sat by the fire, with the bright, glancing, sharp little scissors in her hand, and the pile of white merino on her knees and trailing on the hearth-rug at her feet, Griffith found her simply irresistible. Ah! the bliss that revealed itself in the prospect of making her Mrs. Donne, and taking possession of her entirely! The joy of seeing her seated in an arm chair of his own, by a fire which was solely his property, in a room which was nobody's else paradise! He could imagine so well how she would regard such a state of affairs as a nice little joke, and would pretend to adapt herself to her position with divers daring witcheries practised upon himself to the dethroning of his reason; how she would make innocent, wicked speeches, and be coaxing, and dazzling, and mock-matronly by turns; and above all how she would enjoy it, and make him enjoy it, too; and yet sometimes, when they were quite alone, would drop all her whimsical little airs and graces, and make such tender, unselfish, poetic little speeches, that he would find himself startled in his wonder at the depth, and warmth and generosity of her girlish heart. He often found her surprising him after this manner, and the surprise usually came when he had just been most nearly betrayed into thinking of her as an adorable little collection of witcheries, and wishfulness, and forgetting that she had other moods. More than once she had absolutely brought tears into his eyes, and a serious thrill to his heart, by some sudden, pathetic, trustful speech, made after she was so busy in her dazzling and bewildering for hours with her pretty coquetries and daring flashes of wit. No one seemed to know her ever saw her in exactly these intense moods. The rest of them saw her, but the poor fellow's love for her was something akin to adoration. There was only this one woman upon earth to him, and his whole soul was bound up in her. It was for her he struggled against disappointment, it was for her he hoped, it was only the desperate strength of his love for her that made disappointment so terribly bitter to him. Certainly his love made him better and sweeter-tempered and more energetic than he would have been if his life had not been so full of it. His one ambition was to gain success to lay at her feet. To him success meant Dolly, and Dolly meant Paradise, an honest Paradise, in which primeval bliss reigned supreme and trial was unknown. Consequently the bright little scissors glanced before his eyes a sort of lodestar.

"I didn't tell you that nephew of o'ld Flynn's had come back, did I?" he said, at length.

"No," answered Dolly, snipping diligently. "You never mentioned him. What nephew, and where did he come from?"

"A fellow of the name of Gowan, who has been traveling in the East for no particular reason for the last ten years. He called on Flynn at the office to-day for the first time, and if I had been called upon to kick him out I should have regarded it as a cheerful and improving recreation."

"Why?" laughed Dolly. "Is he one of the Philistines?"

"Philistine!" echoed Griffith with disgust. "I should think so. A complacent idiot in a chronic state of fatigue. Drove up to the door in a cab—his own, by the way, and a confoundedly handsome affair it is—gave the reins to his tiger, and stared at the building tranquilly for at least two minutes before he came in, stared at old Flynn when he did come in, stared at me, shook hands with old Flynn, exhaustedly, and then subsided into listening and paring his nails during the remainder of the interview."

"Which might or might not be discreet under the circumstances," said Dolly. "Perhaps he had nothing to say. Never mind, Grif. Let us console ourselves with the thought that we are not as these utterly worthless explorers of the East are," with a flourish of the scissors.

"Better is a dinner of herbs in Vagabondia, with a garnish of conversation and bon mots, than a stalled ox among the Philistines with dullness."

But about an hour after Griffith had taken his departure, as she was bending over the table, industriously clipping at the merino, a thought suddenly crossed her mind, which made her drop her scissors and look up meditatively.

"By the way," she began, all at once. "Yes, it must be! How was it I did not think of it when Grif was talking. I am sure it was Gowan, Lady Augusta said. To be sure it was. Mollie, this exploring nephew of the Flynns is to partake of coffee and conversation with us at the Bilberry's on Friday, if I am not mistaken, and I actually never remembered it until now."

CHAPTER II.

IN THE CAMPS OF THE PHILISTINES.

A toilet in Vagabondia was an event. Not an ordinary toilet, of course, but a toilet extraordinary—such a toilet as is necessarily called forth by some festive gathering or unusual occasion. It was also an accomplishment, after a manner, and not actually a disagreeable one. It called forth the inventive and creative powers of the whole family, and brought to light hidden resources. It also aroused energy, and being a success, was invariably rejoiced over as a brilliant feat. The Philistines might complacently retire to its well-furnished chamber, and choose serenely from its unlimited supply of figurative purple and legendary fine linen, without finding a situation either dramatic or amusing; but in Vagabondia this was not the case.

Having contrived to conjure up, as it were, from the secret places of the earth an evening dress are not gloves still necessary? and being safe as regards gloves, do not the emergencies of the toilet call for minor details seemingly unimportant, but still not to be done without? Finding this to be the case, the household of Crewe rallied all its forces on occasions, and set aside all domestic arrangements for the time being. It really was not actually impossible that Dolly should have prepared for a rejoicing without the assistance of Mollie and Aimee, Mrs. Phil and Tod, with occasional artistic suggestions from Phil and any particular friend of the family, who chanced to be below stairs, within hearing distance. It might not have appeared an impossibility, I should say, to other people, but the household of Crewe regarded it as such, and accordingly, on the night of the Bilberry gathering, accompanied Dolly in a body to her tiring-room.

Upon the bed lay the merino dress, white, modest, and untrimmed, save for the swan's-down accommodation, but fitting for a shade and exhibiting an artistic sweep of train.

"It is a discreet sort of garment," said Dolly, by way of commencing; "and it is 'suitable to our social position.' Do you remember when Lady Augusta said that about my black alpaca, girls? Pleasant little observation, wasn't it? 'Tolerable. I trust hair-pins are not injurious to infantine digestive organs. If they are, perhaps it would be as well to convince Tod that such is the case. What is the matter, Mollie?"

Mollie, leaning upon the dressing-table in her favorite attitude, was looking rather discontented. She was looking very pretty, also, it might be said; but this was nothing unusual, for she was the beauty of the family. Her great sleepy, warm brown eyes being upraised to Dolly, showed larger and warmer and browner than usual, the heavy brown locks tumbling down over her shoulders, caught a sort of brownish, coppery shade in the flare of gaslight; there was a delicious flush on her soft, full cheeks, and her ripe lips were curved in a lovely dissatisfaction. Hence Dolly's remark.

"I wish I was going," said the child.

Dolly's eyes flew open wide, in a very sublimity of astonishment.

"Wish you were going?" she echoed. "To the Bilberrys?"

Mollie nodded.

"Yes, even there. I want to go somewhere. I think I should enjoy myself a little anywhere. I should like to see the people, and hear them talk, and find out what they do, and wear an evening dress."

Dolly gazed at her in mingled pity and bewilderment.

"Mollie," she said, "you are very innocent; and I know you were always very innocent; but I did not know you were as innocent as this—so utterly free from human guile that you could imagine pleasure in a Bilberry reception. And I believe," still regarding her with questioning pity, "I believe you really could. I must keep an eye on you, Mollie. You are too unsophisticated to be out of danger."

It was quite characteristic of her good-natured sympathy for the girl that it should occur to her the next minute that perhaps it might please her to see herself donned even in such modest finery as the white merino. She understood her simple longings after unattainable glories so thoroughly, and she was so ready to amuse her to the best of her ability. So she suggested it.

"Put it on, Mollie," she said, "and let us see how you would look in it. I should like to see you in full dress."

The child rose with some faint stir of interest in her manner and went to the bed.

"It wouldn't be long enough for me if it wasn't for the train," she said; "but the train will make it look quite stylish nearly, and I can pull it together at the waist."

She put it on at the bedside, and then came forward to the toilet-table, and Dolly, catching sight of her in the glass as she advanced, actually turned round with a start.

Standing in the light, the soft heavy white fold straping themed and shaped her delicate curves of form as they might have draped themselves about the limbs of some young marble Grace or Goddess, with her white arms and shoulders uncovered, with her innocent, lovely, unchildish yet youthful face, with her large irised eyes, her flush of momentary pleasure and half awkwardness, she was just a little dazzling, and Dolly did not hesitate to tell her so.

"You are a beauty, Mollie," she said. "And you are a woman in that dress. If you were only a Bilberry now, what a capital your face would be to you, and what a belle you would be!"

Which remarks, if indiscreet, were affectionate, and made in perfect good faith.

But when having donned the merino herself she made her way down the dark staircase to the parlor, there was a vague ghost of uneasiness in her mind, and it was the sight of Mollie in full dress which had aroused it.

"She is so very pretty," she said to herself. "I scarcely know how very pretty she was until I turned round from the glass to look at her. What a pity it is we are not rich enough to do her justice, and let her enjoy herself as other girls do. And—and," with a little sigh, "I am afraid we are a dreadfully careless set. I wonder if Phil ever thinks about it? And she is so innocent and ignorant too. I hope she won't fall in love with anybody disreputable. I wish I knew how to take care of her."

And yet when she went into the parlor to run the gauntlet of family inspection, and walked across the floor to show the sweep of her train, and tried her little opera hood on Tod before putting it on herself, a casual observer would certainly have decided that she had never had a serious thought in her life.

Griffith was there, of course. At such times his presence was considered absolutely necessary, and his admiration was always unbounded. His portion it was to tuck her under his arm and lead her out to the cab when the train had wrapped and the hood put on for safety. This evening, when he had made her comfortable and shut the door, she leaned out of the window at the last moment to speak to him.

"I forgot to tell you, Griffith," she said, "Lady Augusta said something about a Mr. Gowan to Mr. Bilberry the other day when he invited me. I wonder if it is the Gowan you were telling me about? He is to be there tonight."

"Of course it is," answered Griffith, with sudden discontent. "He is just the sort of fellow the Bilberrys would lionize."

It was rather incorrect of Dolly to feel, as she did, a sudden flash of anticipation. She could not help it. This intense appreciation of a novel or dramatic encounter with an eligible Philistine was her great weakness, and she made no secret of it even with her lover, which was unwise, if frank.

She gave him her fan as a wicked flirt, and her eyes flashed as she did it.

"A mine of valuable information lies unexplored before me," she said. "I must make minute enquiries concerning the peculiarities of the people of the East. I shall take the lion in tow, and Lady Augusta's happiness will be complete."

Griffith turned absolutely pale—his conquering demon was jealousy.

"Look here, Dolly," he began.

But Dolly settled herself in her seat again, and waved her hand with an air of extreme satisfaction. She did not mean to make him miserable, and would have been filled with remorse if she had quite understood the extent of the suffering she imposed upon him sometimes merely through her spirit and the daring onslaughts she made upon people for whom she cared little or nothing. She understood his innocence and simplicity thoroughly enough, but she did not understand his jealousy, for the simple reason that she had never been jealous in her life.

"Tell the cabman to drive on," she said, with a flourish. "There is balm to be found even in Bilberry."

And when the man drove on she composed herself comfortably in a corner of the vehicle, in perfect unconsciousness of the fact that she had left a thorn behind her, rankling in the bosom of the poor fellow who watched her from the pavement.

She was rather late, she found, on reaching her destination. The parlors were full, and the more enterprising of the guests were beginning to group themselves in twos and threes, in the unsuccessful effort to be sociable. But conversation at a Bilberry assemblage was rarely a success—it was so evident that to converse was a point of etiquette, and it was so patent that conversation was expected from everybody, whether they had anything to say or not.

Inoffensive individuals of a retiring temperament being introduced to each other solemnly and with ceremony, felt that to be silent was to be guilty of a glaring breach of Bilberry decorum, and casting about in mental agony for available remarks, found none, and were overwhelmed with an amiable confusion. Lady Augusta herself, in copper-colored silk of the most unbending quality and make, was not conducive to cheerfulness. Yet Dolly's first thought on catching sight of her this evening was a cheerful if audacious one.

"She looks as if she was dressed in a boiler," she commented inwardly. "I wonder if I shall ever live so long—I wonder if I ever could live long enough to submit to a dress like that. And yet she seems to be almost happy in the possession of it. But, I dare say, that is the result of conscious virtue."

It was a very fortunate thing for Dolly that she was not easily disconposed. Her sudden entering a room full of people, evidently unemployed, and in consequence naturally prone to not too charitable criticism of newcomers, might have lost self-possession. Not so, Dolly Crewe. Being announced, she came in artistically—neither with unnecessary hurry nor timidity, and with not the least atom of shrinking from the eyes turned toward her; and simple and unassuming a young person as she appeared at first sight, more than one pair of eyes in question found themselves attracted singularly by the white merino, the white shoulders, the elaborate tresses and the serene, round, innocent-looking orbs.

Lady Augusta advanced slightly to meet her with a gruesome rustling of copper-colored stiffness. She did not approve of Dolly at any time, but she specially disapproved of her habit of setting time at defiance and ignoring the consequences.

"I am very glad to see you," she said with the air of a potentate issuing a proclamation. "I thought"—somewhat severely—"that you were not coming at all."

"Did you?" remarked Dolly, with tranquillity.

"Yes," returned her ladyship. "And I could not understand it. It is nine o'clock now, and I believe I mentioned eight as the hour."

"I dare say you did," said Dolly, unfurling her small downy, white fan, and using it with much serene grace; "but I wasn't ready at eight. I hope you are very well."

"Thank you," replied her ladyship, icily. "I am very well. Will you go and take a seat by Euphemia? I allowed her to come into the room to-night, and I notice that her manner is not so self-possessed as I should wish."

Dolly gave a little nod of acquiescence, and looked across the room to where the luckless Euphemia sat edged in a corner behind a row of painfully-conversational elderly gentlemen, who were struggling with the best intentions to keep up a theological discourse with the Rev. Maranadus. Euphemia was the eldest Miss Bilberry, and Euphemia was not a success. She was overgrown and angular, and suffered from chronic embarrassment, which was not alleviated by the care of her maternal parent being upon her. She was one of Dolly's pupils and cherished a secret but enthusiastic admiration for her. And, upon the whole, Dolly was rather fond of the girl. She was good natured and unsophisticated, and bore the consciousness of her physical and mental imperfections with a humility which was almost touching to her friend sometimes. Catching Dolly's eye on this occasion, she glanced at her imploringly, and then catching the eye of her mother, blushed to the tips of her ears, and relapsed into secret anguish of mind.

But Dolly, recognising her misery, smiled reassuringly, and made her way across the room to her, even insinuating herself through the theological phalanx.

"I am so glad you are here at last," said the girl, "I was so afraid you wouldn't come. And oh, how nice you look, and how beautifully you manage your train. I could never do it in the world. I should be sure to tumble over it. But nothing ever seems to trouble you at all. You haven't any idea how lovely you were when you went across the room to mamma. Everybody looked at you, and I don't wonder at it."

"They would have looked at anybody," answered Dolly, laughing. They had nothing else to do."

"That is quite true, poor things," sighed Euphemia sympathetically. "You don't know the worst yet, either. You don't know how stupid they are and can be, Dolly. That old gentleman near the screen has not spoken one word yet, and he keeps sighing, and wiping the top of his bald head with his pocket handkerchief until I can't keep my eyes off him, and I am afraid he has noticed me. I don't mean any harm, I'm sure, but I have got nothing to do myself, and I can't help I. But what I was going to say was, that people look at you as they did not look at others who came in. You seem different some way. And I'm sure that Mr. Gowan of mamma's has been staring at you until it is positively rude of him."

Dolly's slowly moving fan became stationary for a moment.

"Mr. Gowan," she said. "Who is Mr. Gowan?"

"One of mamma's people," answered Euphemia, "though I confess I can't quite understand how he can be one of them. He looks so different from the rest. He is very rich, you know, and very aristocratic, and has travelled above the deal. He has been all over the world, they say. There he is at that side-table."

Dolly's eyes traveling round the assemblage with complacent indifference, traveled at last to the side table where the subject of Euphemia's remarks sat.

He really was an eligible Philistine, it seemed, despite Griffith's unflattering description of him.

He was a long-limbed, graceful man, with an equiline face and superb languorous eyes, which the moment they rested upon Dolly, rested upon Dolly herself. It was not exactly admiration, either, which they expressed—it was something of a more startling character, at least so Dolly found it—it was nothing more nor less than a slowly awakening interest in her which paid her the compliment of rising above the surface of evident boredom and overcoming lassitude. It looked as if he was just beginning to study her, and found the game worth the trouble. Dolly met his glance with beautiful but hypocritical steadiness; and as she met it, she measured him. Then she turned to Euphemia again, and fluttered the fan slowly and serenely. "He's nice, isn't he?" commented the guileless Phemie. "If the rest of them were like him, I don't think we should be so stupid; but as it is, you know, he can't talk when there is nobody to talk to."

"No," said Dolly. "One could hardly expect it of him. But I wonder why he does not say something to that thin lady in the dress-cap."

(To be Continued.)

Young Lochinvar.

(AN AFTER-STUDY.)

They were married and settled, and if they repented,
They never confessed it; Papa had relented,
Being old, and averse to a family trouble,
And "the poor craven bridegroom" kept wisely afar
From the home of Fair Ellen and Young Lochinvar.

But Fair Ellen was moody; she'd answer him shortly,
In a way which perplexed him, and which, at the least,
He considered unkind; for, and as he grew portly
She sneered at his fancy for frolic and feast.
"Ye're sitten forgetin'," she'd say, "that ye are
No longer a callant, my Lord Lochinvar."

Yet she always went with him to wake or to wedding,
Though he kindly excused her, or tried to, poor man!
For the mind she had gone to the house of the bridegroom,
Made him feel that he somehow was under her ban.
And the maidens would whisper, "I'd gladly go far
To meet such a gallant as Young Lochinvar!"

He was nearly worn out with her moods and her tenses!
So he collared his courage, and told her one day,
He'd enlist if she didn't soon come to her senses,
He'd forever to fall in the ranks of the "Guards."
"I can stand this no longer; 'twere better by far
To meet a contented your father," said poor Lochinvar.

"If you'd only just tell me what's frettin' you, Ellen,"
He mournfully added, "it can't be so blate,
Though what I've put up wi' surpasses all tellin',
It may be that yet we could set it all straight;
And if we cannot; then I'm off to the war—
'Twould be peace, just by contrast," said poor Lochinvar.

"Then tell you I will!" cried Fair Ellen. "I've borne it
As long as I can, and a great while too large!
As for jealousy, it's a low thing, and I scorn it,
But some impudent scribbler's put into a song
That you said 'there were maidens more lovely by far'
Who would gladly have wed you, my Lord Lochinvar!"

—Harpered Vinderpriff, in the Century.

A Bashful Proposal.

Mr. Dacey—Mary Ann!
Miss Flynn—Phwat is it, Conn Dacey?
Mr. Dacey—Doan' ye t'ink Father McGrath ud be gettin' lonesome wit th' slashers o' *funerals* he's been havin' at th' choorch?

Queer Things by Mail.

"The Chinese in this city send many letters to San Francisco," said a post office official to a St. Louis *Globe* reporter. "A few days ago we examined some rats' tails, fried chicken and other queer things in some Chinese packages. We have had from China and Japan packages of books containing translations of Chinese and Japanese fables in their languages and in English. The Italians sent through the mails dried mushrooms that were so rank in smell as to make nearly every person in the office shy around the pouches in which they arrived. Quite a number of Indian moccasins have gone through lately, and we had a little pappoose with strings wherewith to fasten it to a small tree, upon which hung three little gourds. Another curious thing that we got, was a lot of Mexican jumping beans. They are about the size of a government navy bean, but when they are laid on the table they will hop all over it and leap around on the floor. A superstitious clerk was about to run out of the office in terror when we stroked down his rising hair and told him that science taught that each of those hopping, footless beans was inhabited by a little spring-backed worm that sprung itself under the influence of heat just enough to make the bean leap around in lively style. A box of these beans in a mail bag makes a sound like the ticking of a group of clocks."

A Lucky Dog.

Brown—You're a lucky dog, Robinson. So you married a girl worth half a million dollars in her own right!

Robinson (rather more sadly than the circumstances seem to warrant)—Yes.

Brown—You ought to put up the drinks.

Robinson—All right, old man. Just wait while I run into the house and see if I can get a dollar.

A Cheerful Reflection.

"I have been reading in a phrenological journal that people who become bald early in life are always gentle and mild in disposition."

"Is that so? Do you believe it?"

"I don't doubt it a bit, all."

"Oh! I feel very greatly encouraged."

"Why?"

"My wife's mother's hair is falling out quite rapidly.

SOLID COMFORT.

HOW TO GET IT.

As I'm sitting by the fireside
My thoughts do backward wander
'Tis not so very long ago
That time on which I ponder,
A year ago, how changed things were,
I had no fireside of my own
Was broken down and in despair,
A stranger friendless and alone.

Although so very short a time
I now can look around me
On every comfort, all my own,
As nice a home as could be found,
A handsome stove and carpets rich
On parlor floor and stairs,
Splendid curtains, bangled lamps,
Extension table, easy chairs.

And on the hall tree over there
Clothing thick and warm I see,
A fur trimmed coat with cap to match
And all belong to me.
In fact I have just all I want,
House furnished well right through
And if you want to get the same
I'll tell you what to do.

There's many to-day without a home,
Although this need not be,
You all can get one of your own
If you but do the same as we.
Walker, the Public Benefactor,
Offers to you, one and all,
A home complete, and winter clothing
On Weekly Payments that are small.

Why go into furnished rooms when you can get all that is necessary to start house with for a very small outlay. Money can be saved by taking advantage of our business plan. Get all you want at one time, and pay for it afterwards, by weekly or monthly payments. House furnishings of every description and first-class ready-made clothing can be had in this way at ordinary cash prices.

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

A Sunday in the Exhibition.

(Subject of Illustration.)

This is a truly Parisian picture and comes to us from one of the art journals of Paris. A countryman has taken his three grandchildren to see the fine art exhibition, and in the center foreground with his arm thrown affectionately around the shoulder of the wondering boy he is pointing out the beauties of a piece of sculpture. The little girl stands in blank amazement, astounded to see such an absence of clothing. The rustic group is exciting the merriment of some of the other visitors who crowd the exhibition. The expressions on the faces, the attitudes and the pictures in the background are wonderfully well delineated. In Canada it is doubtful if a grandfather would take his youngsters to that particular portion of the exhibition, but that false modesty which shudders if art is not draped as amply as this climate compels in real life is a poor basis of education. To the pure all things are pure, and the masterpieces of painting and sculpture have done much to refine the world, never anything to debase it.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

Two thousand more copies of the Song Book have just been issued. The new edition is better bound in different shades, and is superior in many respects to the first.

*

The oratorical ability of Knox has had a valuable addition this year in the person of Mr. D. Hossack from Cobourg. Mr. Hossack has practised law for a length of time, but decided to take a course in theology. His previous preparation has enabled him to put the three years' reading into one.

*

Our singers were out at Norval on Monday evening. Invitations from Carlton street church for March 1st and from the Toronto Lacrosse Club at the Pavilion later have been accepted.

*

At the public meeting of the Knox College Missionary Society, last Friday evening, Mr. D. McGillivay, M.A., delivered a stirring missionary address. The quartette was rather weak. The address from Rev. Mr. Harte, giving his twenty years' experience in central China, was of especial interest to the society.

*

The long-talked of club scheme in connection with the college has again come up. Mr. W. Creelman spoke at some length at the last meeting of the Literary Society, explaining what had already been done in the matter, and what further action will likely be taken. The first requisite is to have a proper committee selected. It is thought that a suitable building could be erected at an expense of about $25,000, which would contain club rooms, society rooms, gymnasium, etc., and of which the provincial university would not need to be ashamed, as it certainly must be of the provision that has of late years been made for the students in this respect. Fifteen thousand dollars will have to be raised by subscription.

*

I think those who have ever been present at the Session of the Grand Mufti, must have been struck by the resemblance to its procedure of some scenes and expressions in the last act of Hoodman Blind. The scenes represented there are too vigorous and passionate to carry the comparison further.

*

Commercial Union has been suggested as the basis of an election contest. One would hardly suppose that there are enough supporters of this scheme among the undergraduates of University College to adopt it as their platform. However the victory for the rest would be all the more easy.

*

It would doubtless have been a surprise to some had there been an extraordinary session of the Mufti last night. There was a rumor that certain aggravated cases had almost made this imperative.

*

Mr. W. J. Healy, fourth year classics, has gone to Ottawa on a journalistic enterprise. He will remain there while the House is in session.

*

The German meeting of the Modern Language Club on Monday evening was well attended. An interesting programme of essays and readings, to which Mr. W. C. Hall, Miss Clayton and others contributed, was followed by a half hour's conversation in German.

*

An inter-collegiate debate between Messrs. Dunn and DuVernet, from Osgoode Hall, and Messrs. E. C. Acheson and W. A. Frost, M.A., of Wycliffe, was held in Wycliffe College last night. An instrumental solo by Miss F. V. Keys and a song from Mr. M. S. Mercer enlivened the programme. The debate between Trinity and McMaster on March 2nd will close the series for the session. TOGA.

Trinity Talk.

At the last literary institute meeting, Mr. D. R. C. Martin gave notice of the motion following: That No. XXII. of the rules of order be made to read as follows: "No member shall be allowed a vote at the annual meeting unless he has paid his fees." Should this motion be carried, the necessity of every member attending four meetings throughout the year to qualify for the franchise, will be done away with. The regular evening's programme was then proceeded with, Mr. Chas. H. Shutt, B.A., in the chair. Mr. H. P. Lowe read A Lay of St. Nicholas, which was received with applause. No essayist appearing, the following resolution was brought forward for debate. Resolved, "That the sixteenth century was an era of greater progress than the nineteenth has been." Messrs. Waller and H. H. Bedford-Jones upheld the resolution, while Messrs. Creighton and Loucks, brimful with eloquence, represented the negative.

*

The report of the treasurer of the conversazione fund was then handed in by the treasurer, and after reading was adopted. It showed a satisfactory balance in hand. I am informed that the subscriptions for this year's conversat were $50 in advance of those of last year. This is most encouraging, and reflects great credit on the finance committee, who were as follows: S. F. Houston (treasurer), C. H. Shutt, B. A., E. V. Stevenson, A. C. M. Bedford-Jones. Fifteen new names were added to the list of graduate subscribers.

*

"Words, words, mere words." This judgment I feel inclined to pass on the efforts of the Scribe with regard to the long-delayed issue of this year's *Episkopon*. Oh, you never heard of Father Episkopon—"that noble institution," as one of the graduate speakers at SS. Simon and Jude dinner last October, characterized it.

*

Well, *Episkopon* is a manuscript paper which has appeared from time to time, since the foundation of Trinity, in these regions. It is written (not composed) by a Scribe who appoints his successor when leaving college. The Scribe issues a manifesto previous to the appearance of *Episkopon* inviting contributions from the hoary father's children, "groveling freshmen and high-stomached seniors," giving them also good, sound parental advice. These contributions, which are intended to prove for the moral, social, intellectual and "anything-else-the-contributor-likes benefit of students, and sometimes, I fear, professors, are generally of a humorous, sarcastic or denunciatory character, and I have in back numbers of *Episkopon* seen a good deal of wit displayed, though this, alas! now seems to have sadly degenerated. The issue is submitted (before being publicly read at a supper which the freshmen are permitted to "set-up") to a committee of revising editors, who will not pass anything that is too "tough" for publication. The editors proper are never known. They are three in number, each appointing his successor, and so on. Thus the mysterious trio become perpetuated. Pen and ink sketches add greatly to the point of many humorous sketches. Mr. Geo. Bousfield, the college "artist," is intending, I believe, to illustrate the coming number. I say "coming!" This number is coming—why so is Christmas; but why on earth it (the former) has not come some time ago, I don't quite understand.

*

I might here suggest that a more careful guardianship be kept over the back numbers, if any are now in existence. The last one was one of the best ever published, but unfortunately it is said that the last scribe forgot to leave it behind him when he left, so that its many witticisms, I fear, will never again be at hand for reference.

*

W. Wallace Jones, '84, is to be congratulated on having successfully entered the list of solicitors passing at the recent law examinations. I pity his opponent's witnesses when under cross-examination, if he deals as gently with them as he does with those who dare to oppose him in the cricket field. He promises well to prove a shining light in the profession which he has chosen.

*

The regular meeting of Trinity College Theological and Missionary Association was held on Monday night. Rev. Prof. Roper read a most interesting paper on Christian Chivalry. The Working Men's society attended in full force.

OMEGA.

The Visit Postponed.

"Say, Grigsby, my wife and I thought of inviting ourselves up to take tea with you this evening."

"Glad to have you, of course; but say, can't you make it some other evening?"

"Certainly. Have company, have you?"

"No, but you see our new servant lady has invited a few friends up herself, and my wife and I will remain in our rooms."

The Occasional Dancer.

In the course of an amusing article on the peculiarities of dancing, Lapsley, in the New York *Morning Journal*, has the following about the occasional dancer: Next comes the occasional dancer. That's the fellow who doesn't go to balls except when some one sends him a complimentary ticket, and who seldom attends private dancing parties, so that he is a little rusty on waltzing.

He hasn't any choice of girls. He takes anything he can get, and is lucky if he doesn't get left. He sidles around the room nervously, and has just arrived at a state of desperate resolution when a young lady acquaintance bows to him and he gets frightened and goes up into the gallery. There he sees the dancing through the glamour of distance, and it looks so beautiful that he goes down again and finds a partner. After he gets her he doesn't know what to do with her. He holds her about two feet away from him, as if he was a little afraid of her—and he is.

He takes her right wrist between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand and holds it out just so far that every passing couple knocks it out of his grasp and he has to fish it up again and apologize to the girl.

Sometimes he dances with a hop and sometimes with a slide, because he can't remember for the life of him which is in the fashion. If the girl happens to be a good dancer she tries to accommodate herself to his step and can't. If she happens to be a bad dancer, she just sticks to her own stiff and awkward gait; and the result is that when he begins to bounce he whacks his knees against hers till they're black and blue, steps on her toes, bangs her into every couple that comes along, and usually finishes by catching his toe in one of the streamers of torn lace on the bottom of her skirt, and then, bang! down they both go in the middle of the floor, which the poor girl thinks is the end of the world.

I saw one of these duffers waltzing with a girl at the Liederkranz ball, and just as they were about to fall I stepped up and caught the frightened girl in my arms.

"Don't be alarmed," I said; "I'll take you to your mother, and you can leave that consummate fool to lie there till he gets some sense.'

"But, sir, you do not know——"

"I am aware that I don't know you," I said, "but I am an honest man, and I cannot bear to see a helpless girl in the clutches of a howling idiot like that."

By this time the fellow had climbed upon his big feet, and, stepping in front of me, said:

"Release that young lady!"

"Oh, come," I said, "you needn't talk like that. I'm going to take her back to her mother. You don't seem to know how to take care of her."

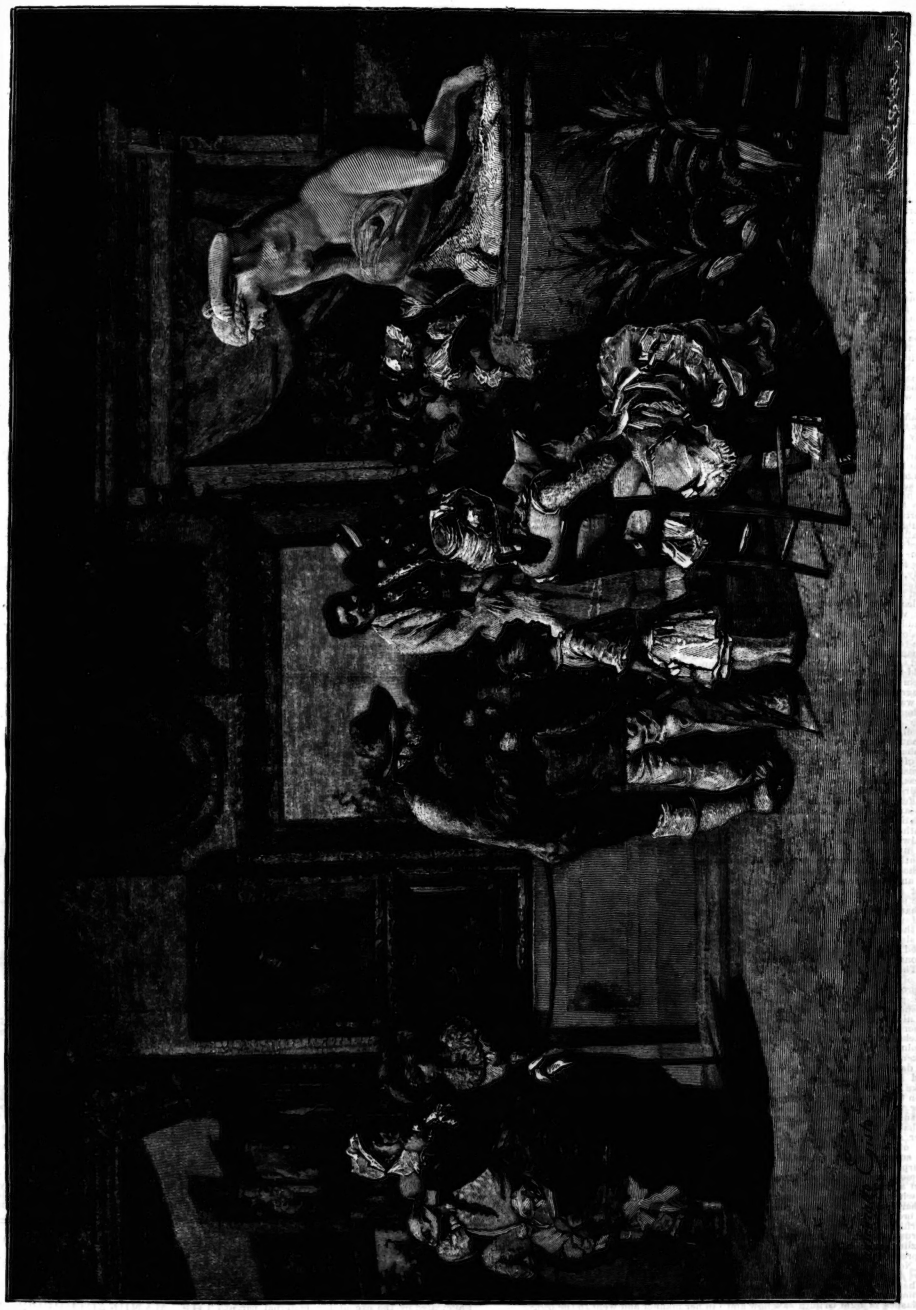
But," said the girl, "he does; he's my——"

Yes," said the fellow, interrupting, "I'm her husband.'

Well, that was just my luck. I'm always getting myself into a scrape. I tried to apologize to them, but they just stood and laughed at me. I was pretty mad, but it was no use. The occasional dancer had the dead wood on me, and while I stood there looking like a fool, the business dancer came along and knocked me about half-way across the floor.

After that I retired to the supper-room and sought consolation in the merry bowl.

They say I found not only consolation, but oblivion. I cannot tell. All I am sure of now is that it was Thursday evening when I went to the Liederkranz ball, and it was Friday night when I mustered up enough courage to go down and take a Turkish bath. And the attendant said he had never seen a more complete mental, moral and physical wreck in his life.



A SUNDAY IN THE EXHIBITION.

Music.

On Thursday of last week I was amused at the concert given by the Women's Christian Temperance Union to see that poor Mr. Ramsey had fallen among the Philistines. The worthy high jinks of the Y. M. C. A. threatened to turn out the gas if Mr. R. sang his last song in character, after he had already sung one in that manner. To turn out the gas would have meant—but a matter of eight or nine hundred people would be panic-stricken, and perhaps lives lost, which would, in the estimation of the general public, be much more valuable than the whole membership of the Y. M. C. A. Still this possibility did not appal Mr. Secretary, and I was glad to find that Mr. Ramsey was gentlemanly and considerate enough to waive the point and appear in mufti. His action won for him the hearty applause and good-will of the audience.

I heard a curious exhibition at the same concert. A lady with a voice like a conscience, inasmuch as it was still and small, sang a little bit of song and warbled the rest. The curious part of the business lay in this warbling, which much resembled the sound that the boys make in imitation of the ocarina, and it was distinctly unmusical and inartistic. Mrs. Caldwell was in great voice, and sang better than ever. She has the charm of perennial freshness, in both appearance and voice. The wonderful flexibility of her voice was well displayed in the Cuckoo Song, and its opposite, sympathetic, poetic feeling was more than usually noticeable in the Rainy Day. Mr. Warrington sang well, as he always does.

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Wednesday evening the monthly Service of Praise took place at the Church of the Redeemer, and was largely attended. Mrs. Thomson's singing was the chief attraction, and justified the desire of the audience to hear her in sacred song. She sang with expression and feeling, and was in splendid voice. Mr. Thomson and Mr. Doward also rendered valuable assistance in the performance of a fine programme.

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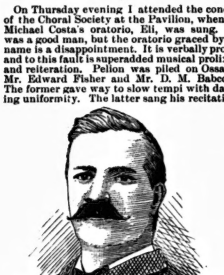
On Thursday evening I attended the concert of the Choral Society at the Pavilion, when Sir Michael Costa's oratorio, Eli, was sung. Eli was a good man, but the oratorio graced by his name is a disappointment. It is verbally prolix, and to this fault is superadded musical prolixity and reiteration. Pelion was piled on Ossa by Mr. Edward Fisher and Mr. D. M. Babcock. The former gave way to slow tempi with dazzling uniformity. The latter sang his recitations



D. M. BABCOCK.

with similarly brilliant statelessness. In fact, in the matter of recitative singing the performance was on all hands the most funereal affair it has been my privilege to be tortured with. The only relieffs to this in the whole evening were three. The viol and tabret chorus was sung with splendid life and brightness, and was really fine. The other two were faults.

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In the beautiful Evening Prayer, which was exquisitely sung by Miss Lillian Carll Smith, Mr. Fisher spoiled the effect by insisting on an ending in strict time, although the last twenty bars are marked with a proper artistic taste for a gradual slowing of the time. The other vagary was the singing of the chorus God and King, which is sung to the music of the well-known March of the Israelites. This Mr. Fisher took at a terrific pace, beating about 120 to the minute, where the metronome indication was only 88. He obtained his reward in a rousing salvo of applause from the immense audience. Miss Smith was the favorite of the evening. She has a beautiful mezzo-contralto voice, which has the additional charm of being well trained and equalized in all registers. She has a thoroughly artistic temperament and sings with all the dignity and concentration of expression so necessary in oratorio. She should, however, study physical repose more than she does.

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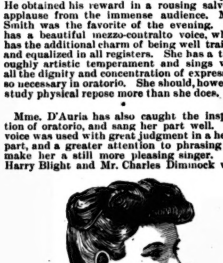
Mme. D'Auria has also caught the inspiration of oratorio, and sang her part well. Her voice was used with great judgment in a heavy part, and a greater attention to phrasing will make her a still more pleasing singer. Mr. Harry Blight and Mr. Charles Dimmock were



MME. D'AURIA.

the Toronto contingent, and sang their parts well. Mr. Babcock has been heard to greater advantage here, being last night a little inclined to go off the pitch. A Mr. Ricketson, who sang the tenor parts, was not up to the usual high standard of Choral Society soloists. The orchestra was good, although the lusty clarionet was a powerful factor in spoiling the celebrated march.

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The chorus numbered about one hundred and forty, and looked quite strange after nearly a year's absence. Its singing was very good, especially in the men's choruses, which were rendered very efficiently. I must here add to Mr. Fisher's changes of tempo, that of taking the chorales at a speed never designed for this essentially massive German construction. The chorus was very much at fault in showing a unanimous cadence with boots and bodies, swaying and keeping time with both in a manner that should never be countenanced. Mr. Fisher's eccentric time-beat should again come up for criticism. Why does he give a divided double-beat instead of a regular quadruple beat when the time given is simply common time? Another eccentricity was his directing the quartette We Bless You—marked successively Moderato, Adagio, Lento—at the same speed throughout.

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The Tonic Sol Fa society give a concert of glees, etc., at Association Hall, on Thursday evening next. Mr. A. T. Cringan will be the conductor. A first-class concert may be looked for.

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The annual Foresters' concert takes place on March the 8th, in the Pavilion. Plan will be at Nordheimer's, March 2nd.

METRONOME.

Society.

Continued from Page Two.

There were about a hundred and fifty present at an At Home given by Miss Jones of Church street, on Thursday evening. Mrs. Jones on account of her widowhood did not appear, so the guests were received by Mrs. Wyse and Miss Jones. The evening was most successful in every way, and the costumes of the ladies, the handsomest I have seen collectively in any private house in Toronto.

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Capt. Geddes sang, and in his own particular way charmed many delighted listeners. Miss Ross, Miss Jones' guest, from England, also sang a pretty waltz song in French, displaying a deep rich contralto to full advantage. Miss Morgan gave the well known song When the Heart is Young in her untrained but sympathetic voice. The Harpers played airs and operatic selections most of the evening.

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Refreshments were served up till eleven o'clock in the drawing-room and library and then dozens of little tete-a-tete tables were arranged around both rooms, each laid with care and containing a menu. At these, from three to six seated themselves and merrily chatted while eating. Mrs. Jones had shown great forethought in not overcrowding her rooms by giving a duty entertainment and asking all her visiting acquaintances. Not over two hundred invitations were issued, and they were carefully and well chosen.

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Those present were Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. J. T. Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. A. J. Mayne Campbell and Miss Campbell, Miss Burchall, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Mr. Hume Blake, the Misses Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCaul, Professor Hutton, the Misses Strachan, the Misses Yarker, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Mr. John Heward, Mr. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Edin Heward and Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Dawson, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Miss Isabel Mackenzie, the Misses Laura and Grace Boulton, Mr. Boulton, Messrs. George, Frank and Sidney Ford Jones, Miss Ross, Dr. Keefer of India, Miss Constance Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. English, Mr. Harry Hayes, Mr. Wallace, and Miss Jones, Mr. Goldingham, Capt. Sears, the Misses Evans, Miss Merritt, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Messrs. Cronyn, Shanley, Fox and Andrews, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, the Misses Todd, the Misses McLean, Mrs. A. Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grassett, Mr. Fred Grassett, Mr. Payne, Miss Cameron, Major Harrison, Miss Crooks, Mr. Heaton, Miss McCutcheon, Miss McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Milfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ferguson, the Misses Burton, Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. Bedford Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gwynne, the Messrs. Moffatt.

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Mrs. Albert Nordheimer wore, I think, the handsomest gown in the rooms, an imported Parisian one. It was of palest blue and gold brocade and train of blue satin. The bodice was trimmed with blue jet fringe. Miss Yarker had on a remarkably pretty tulle frock—of blue, with a front of silver fringe. Mrs. George Torrance appeared in white satin, with yellow feathers and pearl fringe trimmings. Miss May Jones also wore white; diamond necklace and ornaments. Mrs. George Kirkpatrick looked regal in white velvet brocaded train; petticoat of pearl-sprigged tulle over pink satin. Mrs. Bankes, in a dark velvet brocade, and Miss Robinson, in brown crepe. Mrs. J. K. Kerr's gown was of white satin with front of blue and silver brocade. Mrs. Edwards wore her wedding gown of white duchesse satin lace and pearls. Her sister, Miss Heward was in white crepe with brown plush bows. Mrs. W. Gwynne's pale salmony pink and dark green was a rich contrast and one of the handsomest. Miss Strachan was in black velvet as was also Miss Campbell the latter with a skirt of net. Miss Yarker's gown was goheln blue with panels of gold and white brocade. Miss Dawson wore a pretty flock of soft, white gauze.

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The idea of the supper was undoubtedly a splendid one, and would be well copied in cases possible. One can eat one's supper so much more contentedly if one has somewhere to lay down the numerous articles a lady always carries with her in a ball-room, and then have one's partners sit down at the same table and enjoy his meal. Besides, it makes a pretty sight.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

TORONTO.

Davies, Mrs. Wm. jr., on 17th inst.—a daughter.
Foy, Mrs. Joseph, on 17th ult.—a son.
Lovell, Mrs. James S., on 19th inst.—a son.
McCoil, Mrs. J. J., on 17th inst.—a daughter.
Raymond, Mrs. Anson, on 17th inst.—a daughter.
Reid, Mrs. Geo. P., on 16th inst.—a daughter.
Spiers, Mrs. J., on 15th inst.—a son.
Tighe, Mrs. Wm. E. D., on 17th inst.—a son.
Turner, Mrs. W. E., on 29th ult.—a son.
Williamson, Mrs. T. G., on 16th inst.—a son.

Bennett, Mrs. John J., of Hamilton, on 19th inst.—a daughter.
Ballentine, Mrs. R. B., of Hamilton, on 13th inst.—a daughter.
Brown, Mrs. D., of Ottawa, on 17th inst.—a son.
Boas, Mrs. Moritz, of St. Hyacinthe, Que., on 11th inst.—twins, two girls.
Bolster, Mrs. W. G., of Lancaster, on 12th inst.—a daughter.
Cluff, Mrs. W. J., of Brockville, on 14th inst.—a son.
Clemens, Mrs. Dr., of Port Perry, on 3rd inst.—a daughter.
Cochrane, Mrs. James A., of Hillhurst, Que., on 14th inst.—a son.
Fisher, wife of Rev. George, of Montrose, P. E. I., on 1st inst.—a son.
Hart, Mrs. Philip D., of Brantford, on 12th inst.—a daughter.
Howell, wife of Rev. J. E., of Seaforth, on 11th inst.—a son.
McBride, Mrs. W. C., of Claude, on 20th inst.—a son.
McPhillips, Mrs. Frank, of Winnipeg, Man., on 9th inst.—a daughter.
Macown, Mrs. J., of Stratford, on 11th inst.—a daughter.
Martin, Mrs. W. J., of Hamilton, on 14th inst.—a son.
Snider, Mrs. T. A., of Dunnville, on 10th inst.—a son.
Sully, Mrs. M., of Owen Sound, on 20th inst.—a daughter.

Marriages.

TORONTO.

Real, Wm., to Bessie Real, on 11th inst., by Rev. Alex. Williams.
Herod Wm. to Louie Bailie, on 9th inst., by Rev. Dr. Thomas.
Hull, Amelia D., to Charles J. Quinn, of Chicago, on 14th inst., by Rev. Father McBride.
Thornton, E. Ason, to Mary Bulley, on 15th inst., by Rev. Dr. Wallace.
Scholefield, Harold E., to Eva S. J. Jennings, on 14th inst., by Rev. John Pearson.
Harcourt, Frank A., to Minnie Willoughby, of Holland Landing, on 10th inst., by Rev. Dr. Wild.
Baldwin, B. Franklin, of Kansas City, to Sadie McBrown, of London, on 16th inst., by Rev. A. Langford.
Cornwall, Vincent Cumming, of Omemee, to Mary Mills, of Toronto, on 14th inst., by Rev. A. J. Brought.
Esson, J. Ewing, of Detroit, to Annie Agnes MacEdward, on 21st inst., by Rev. Dr. Parsons.

HAMILTON.

Nicholson, William, to Mary Billington, on 14th inst., by Rev. G. Forsyth.
Clark, John David, to Clara Drew, on 14th inst., by Rev. R. G. Boville.
Smith, Cecil B., of St. Catharines, to Mary Mima Dempsey, on 14th inst., by Rev. A. E. Miller
Scraker, Charles G., to Alfaretta Jackson, on 15th inst., by Rev. R. G. Boville.

Kitchen, James A., of South Dumfries, to Mary Handy, at Brantford, on 15th inst., by Rev. G. M. W. Carey.
McCosh, Thomas, of Paris Station, to Louise Mary Tovell, at Guelph, on 10th inst., by Rev. W. C. Weir.
Ross, Walter, of Mount Clemens, Mich., to Grace Graham, of St. Catharines, at Windsor, on 15th inst., by Rev. John Gray.
Strome, Amos R., of Shakespeare, to Mary Fryfogel, at South Easthope, on 1st inst., by Rev. W. J. Brandon.
Vancamp, Absalom, to Isabella Parker, at Midland, on 7th inst., by Rev. Charles Taylor.
Robertson, J. J., of Hamilton, to Jennie Robinson, at Rosmery, on 15th inst.
Silver, Wellington, to Emma Slack, at Loughboro', on 15th inst., by Rev. N. R. Topping.
Carroll, John Edgeworth, to Sarah Gertrude Brownlee, at St. Catharines, on 14th inst., by Rev. Mr. Armitage.
Lafleche, Charles, to Nellie Lyng, at Brockville, on 13th inst., by Rev. Father Walshe.
Body, Robert, to Mary Ann Fursey, at Zion, on 8th inst., by Rev. S. Salton.
Spry, Frederick, to Mary Westlake, at Hampton, on 9th inst., by Rev. P. Barnes.
Warner, Wm. G., to Louisa C. McCarthy, at Montreal, on 14th inst., by His Lordship Archbishop Fabre.
McKenzie, M. R., to Eugenie Huguenin, at Montreal, on 13th inst., by His Lordship Archbishop Fabre.
Russell, Hugh, to Emeline M. Hancock, at Montreal, on 14th inst., by Rev. W. R. Cruickshank.
Johnston, Thomas, of St. Paul, Minn., to Mary Russell, at Belleville, on 13th inst., by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Farrelly.
Rodway, William R., to Mary A. Jeffrey, at Plympton, Man., on 8th inst., by Rev. N. O. Irvine.
Brenton, Thomas, to Jessie Campbell, at London, on 6th inst., by Rev. Father Tiernan.
Pennington, of Walkerton, to Theresa Meade, at Brighton, on 14th inst., by Rev. P. McL. Duncan.
Leopard, William, of Minneapolis, Minn., to Tibbie B. Brand, of Palmerston, at Millbank, on 7th inst., by Rev. W. M. McKibbon.
Prevost, C. A., to Angelique Barbeau, at Montreal, on 11th inst., by Rev. Abbe Bourassa.
Belfry, Dr. Oran M., of Saginaw City, to Clara Sutherland, at Windsor, on 16th inst., by Rev. George W. Henderson.
Kaiser, Harvey, to Sarah J. Bennette, of the Township of Vaughan, on 30th ult., by Rev. W. F. Wilmot.
Boyne, James A., of Trafalgar, to Susan Victoria Howden, at Esquesing, on 15th inst., by Rev. T. Boyd.
Freeborn, Dr. James S., Markdale, to Ettie Gardner, at Invermay, on 21st inst., by Rev. J. T. Smith.

Deaths.

TORONTO.

Adamson, George Scott, on 22nd inst., aged 18.
Atkin, Eleanor Josephine, on 14th inst., aged 24.
Anderson, Joseph R., on 12th inst.
Beatty, Margaret, wife of Robert, on 19th inst., aged 28.
Booth, Mrs. William, on 18th inst.
Bostwick, George, on 14th inst., aged 77.
Cherry, Elizabeth, on 17th inst., aged 36.
Conley, Jane, on 16th inst., aged 7 months.
Davey, Mary, on 19th inst., aged 57.
Duckett, Margaret, on 13th inst., aged 72.
Doran, James, on 17th inst., aged 73.
Griffin, Michael, on 21st inst., aged 68.
Greey, William, on 18th inst., aged 74.
Hazelhurst, Thomas, on 19th inst.
Harris, Jane, wife of Robert, on 16th inst., aged 84.
Hargrave, Ernest Edward, on 19th inst., aged 8.
Keeley, Thomas, on 18th inst., aged 60.
Hastings, William A., on 15th inst., aged 20.
Harrington, Michael, on 16th inst., aged 62.
Harrington, Mrs., on 16th inst., aged 54.
McCollum, John H., on 13th inst., aged 47.
Madeline, Anna May, on 22nd inst., aged 9 months.
Moore, Berry, on 15th inst., aged 57.
Murphy, Catherine, on 18th inst.
Pike, Louie, on 20th inst., aged 20.
Pim, Richard H., on 14th inst., aged 3.
Pim, Richard, on 14th inst., aged 78.
Seidler, Charles Hugo, on 20th inst., aged 69.
Shaw, John, on 18th inst., aged 41.
Shepard, Mary Jane, wife of Joseph, on 18th inst., aged 59.
Thomson, Susan, wife of Robert, on 20th inst.
Tyrell, Frederick, on 20th inst., aged 40.

HAMILTON.

Archibald, Robert, on 16th inst., aged 27.
Boyd, William, on 12th inst., aged 63.
Belling, Katie L., on 13th inst., aged 88.
Dingman, Catharine Z., on 17th inst., aged 19.
Ennis, James, on 13th inst., aged 50.
Gillies, David, on 16th inst., aged 48.
Haines, Emma, on 9th inst., aged 35.
Harper, Thomas, on 13th inst., aged 73.
Kelly, Thomas M., on 14th inst., aged 37.
McDougall, Mary Eleanor, wife of William, on 14th inst., aged 52.
Peden, Thomas R. A., on 17th inst., aged 29.
Sterling, Mary, relict of George, on 11th inst., aged 74.
Sullivan, Mary on 13th inst., aged 94.
Wesher, Harvey B., on 12th inst., aged 57.

Fischer, Jacob H. on 18th inst., at Burlington, aged 84.
Buchan, Rebecca, wife of John, on 14th inst., at Stratford, aged 70.
Kingsmill, Amelia Georgina, wife of H., on 19th inst., at Blue Bird Mines, Butte City, Montana.
Mitchell, William, on 19th inst., at Parkdale, aged 63.

Go and hear Mr. and Mrs. Doutney, the temperance workers, at Temperance Hall to-morrow.

Personal.

Mrs. Phillip Hire had an At Home at her residence Wilton crescent. Among those present were Lieut.-Colonel Foster, Mr. and Miss Harris, Capt. Mrs. and the Misses Strong of Parkdale, Mr. H. McConnell, Miss Everett, Mr. J. R. Webb of Hamilton, Mr. R. Sinclair of Montreal, Mr. Dory, Capt. Mrs. and the Misses McMickens and Mr. D. Moran.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. McConkey gave a party on Wednesday night, and the large number of invited guests thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Mayor Clarke and Mrs. Clarke were noticed among those present.

A High Art Photographic Studio.

On any of our bright wintry afternoons when Toronto's main thoroughfare is illumined by the elite and fashion of the Queen City, it may be remarked by a casual observer that one great attraction of King street west is the superb art photo gallery of Mr. J. Fraser Bryce. A short time ago a SATURDAY NIGHT scribe was perambulating the toned side of that thoroughfare when his attention was called to a group of admiring pedestrians who were contemplating their eyes on some of Mr. Bryce's beautiful works of photographic art.

Being of an inquisitive nature and a lover of the beautiful, SATURDAY NIGHT took every picture in and gradually worked his way into the entrance hall, where he was met by Mr. Bryce, who, with his usual courtesy, offered to show him through the establishment, and this is what he learnt and saw.

The wide entrance hall opening on to King street is tastefully adorned with some of Mr. Bryce's choicest works, and here the sitter is received by a young lady who makes the appointments for sittings and gives all needed information as to styles of pictures, etc. Leaving the entrance hall the visitor ascends the stairs—which leads to the reception-room, complete in artistic design of the most modern furniture, the walls being decorated with choice and beautiful works of art.

The toilet room leading off the last mentioned apartment is replete with every convenience of toilet articles, large mirrors, etc., and is also handsomely furnished, there being also a gas stove which keeps the room at a comfortable temperature.

The operating room is on the same floor as the last two named apartments, and has all the latest improvements in back grounds, scenic effects, landscapes, sea views, etc., a valuable upright piano also adorns this apartment. Attached to the operating room are two dark rooms and other sub-compartments. The finishing room is on the floor above, and here all the pictures are finished and mounted by thoroughly experienced and artistic hands. In this department are rows of shelves containing over 125,000 negatives, some of them being taken more than 25 years ago by R. D. Ewing, a well-known Toronto photographer at that time. The printing room, it is needless to say, is on the roof, where 500 printing frames can be put out at once.

The artist's room is occupied by Mr. F. M. Knowles, one of the best colored miniature and portrait painters of the day. Mr. Knowles is not a stranger to this city, and his many patrons will congratulate Mr. Bryce on his selection of such a talented gentleman.

Altogether this establishment contains ten different compartments, each having its departmental specialty, and a more complete gallery cannot be found on the continent.

Mr. Bryce has recently imported a lense and camera for the the taking of instantaneous pictures, such as running horses, etc., if necessary we suppose he could photograph the wind or a passing thought.

The artistic excellence of Mr. Bryce's photographs is well known and that gentleman has just added one more to his many laurels in the picture of the K company (University) of the Q. O. R. This is one of the finest composition pictures ever executed in Toronto. The University building in the background with the graceful and natural grouping of the men in front gives it a life like reality. Every likeness comes out sharp and clear and it may safely be set down as a masterpiece of photographic science. The picture measures outside the frame about six and a half by five feet.

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ANNOUNCES THE ARRIVAL OF THE
LATEST DESIGNS IN WOOLLENS
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ALL ORDERS EXECUTED SKILFULLY
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Cultivation of the Voice and Piano
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OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FOR CASH:
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WRAPS, CAPES, MUFFS, CAPS, &c.
ALSO A LOT OF FUR-LINED
CIRCULARS & SILK-TRIMMED WRAPS
And an Endless Variety of FURS of all kinds.
Beaver & Otter Capes & Muffs
TO MATCH.
LONG BEARSKIN BOAS AND MUFFS.
Otter and Beaver Collars and Cuffs
AND
Beaver Trimming by the yard.
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DRESS SHIRTS
EVENING GLOVES
EVENING TIES
Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.
Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.
Evening Ties all kinds.
WHEATON & CO.
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COR. JORDAN.

SATURDAY NIGHT
A messenger called on a Saturday night,
And left with the message he left:
I have comfort for you,
You'll believe 'tis true,
Of this comfort you'll not be bereft.
Of this comfort I speak of, the ladies will know,
And this is the message I leave:
Try "Magic" to-day
Without any delay
And its *virtues* you'll ne'er *disbelieve*.
For the lady who fills on this Saturday night,
The role of the heroine fair;
She will say in a trice,
If she takes my advice
This magic to embellish her hair.
It promotes a strong growth, enriches as well,
Believe me, I'm speaking the truth;
Prevents falling out
Puts fading to rout
And restores the rich glow of your youth.
DR. DORENWEND'S
HAIR MAGIC
Is the most widely known remedy for failing hair. As an invigorator it is unequaled. To those who have become partially bald, the Magic will prove a boom. $1.00 per bottle or six bottles for $5.00.
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FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE YATISI CORSET

Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.
The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—stilt-ear long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.
The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, and will not become creaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.
The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.
The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.
Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.
The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.
Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped! and no other is genuine.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD, MANAGER.

Three Nights and Saturday Matinee

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THURSDAY, MARCH 1

Return Engagement of the Charming Comedienne,

ROSINA VOKES

AND HER

LONDON COMEDY COMPANY

In the following attractive repertoire

Thursday Evening—In Honor Bound, The Circus Rider and A Pantomime Rehearsal.

Friday Evening—Only A Joke, The Circus Rider and A Pantomime Rehearsal.

Saturday Matinee—Which Is Which, The Circus Rider and A Pantomime Rehearsal.

Saturday Evening—Which Is Which, My Milliner's Bill (His 'art was true to Poll) and A Pantomime Rhearsal.

JACOBS & SHAW'S

Toronto Opera House

ONE WEEK COMMENCING **Monday, Feb. 27**

MATINEES

Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday

The Grand Spectacular Romantic Melo-Drama

INTRODUCING THE DISTINGUISHED ACTOR

MR. J. B. STUDLEY

Supported by a Specially Selected Company

Charming Music Magnificent Scenery
Handsome Costumes Powerful Company

The Dramatic Triumph of the Season.

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NEXT WEEK - - PASSION'S SLAVE

Under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Otter.

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 8 P.M.

Great Athletic and Musical Event

TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB'S

ASSAULT AT ARMS

The Citizen's Band

University Glee Club (under Mr. Schuch). Grand Athletic Tableaux. Sergt.-Major Morgans, R. M. C. (Champion Swordsman of Canada). Dorsewends Star Gymnasts. "C" Co., I. S., Bayonet Squad. Tug of War—Queen's Own vs. Royal Grenadiers.

A Grand Bill! Everybody Edified!

Plan of Reserved Seats now open at Suckling's, 107 Yonge Street. 14

FAREWELL

To-morrow (Sunday) Afternoon at 3

Sunday night at 8, also Monday and Tuesday nights at 8, farewell meetings of

MR. & MRS. THOMAS DOUTNEY

TEMPERANCE HALL

New talks by Mr. Doutney; new songs by Mrs. Doutney. Also new programme by the celebrated Brown Family. Tuesday night will be the farewell and complimentary benefit to Mr. and Mrs. Doutney. Particulars in daily papers. Work supported by voluntary contributions. These meetings are entertaining as well as profitable. "Attend them and have a good time.

SATURDAY NIGHT

IS FOR SALE EVERY WEEK AT

P. C. ALLAN'S, 35 King St. West 26

JAS. COX & SON

83 Yonge Street

PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors 64

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When Breadmaker's Yeast is the subject before us—
Mamma tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best, (lightest,
Cause her bread is the whitest, her buns are the
And we eat all the pancakes she does not bake for us.

BUY THE BREADMAKER'S YEAST. PRICE 5 CENTS.

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Will run Settlers' Trains to all points in

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Colonists for British Columbia and Pacific Coast will also be taken on these specials, leaving Toronto, N. & N. W. Station, Brock Street, at 9 p.m.,

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28

and every Tuesday thereafter during March and April.

A colonist sleeper will be attached to these trains. Make early application to agent for what cars and berths you will require. 35-feet cars supplied for colonists' movables. No Customs delay or expense. No quarantine. No transfers. For further information see agent, or write

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GLEES, PART SONGS, CHORUSES, ETC.

BY

TONIC SOL FA SOCIETY

ASSISTED BY

MISS ANNA HOWDEN, - - - Soprano
MR. W. H. BLIGHT, - - - Baritone
MR. A. ANDERSON, - - - - Violinist
MR. ROBT. HALL, - - - - Accompanist

ASSOCIATION HALL

THURSDAY EVE'G MARCH 1st

TICKETS 25 and 50 CENTS

AT SUCKLING'S.

A. T. CRINGAN, Conductor. D. T. GRAY, Hon. Sec.

SHAFTESBURY HALL

COMMENCING MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27

Prof. John Reynolds

From London, Eng., the Greatest Living Mesmerist.

Laughable, Mystical and Wonderfully Exciting Entertainments, consisting of Experiments in Animal Magnetism or Mental Electricity.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS and 35 CENTS.
MATINEE, CHILDREN, 10 CENTS.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS.

Annual Grand Concert

IN THE PAVILION,

THURSDAY EVE'G, MARCH 8

The Hon. John Beverley Robinson, late Lieut.-Governor presiding, supported on the platform by his worship Mayor Clarke, Rev. Dr. Potts, and Rev. Dr. Wild.

Mrs. Caldwell, Canada's Favorite Soprano; Miss Lida M. Fackrell, New York, America's Renowned Lady Whistler; Mr. Fred. Warrington, Canada's Favorite Baritone; Mr. E. L. Clarke, Solo Cornetist; Mr. E. W. Phillips, Organist St. George's Church, Accompanist; Mrs. F. McKelcan, Contralto, Hamilton; Mrs. and Miss Sage, the American Musical Glass Players; Mr. Reub. Fax, Woodstock, Humorist; Mr. W. E. Ramsay, Toronto's Popular Elocutionist; Mr. Fred. Warrington, Conductor.

Reserved Seats 50 Cts., Upper Gallery 25 Cts.

Plan of hall opened at A. & S. Nordheimer's 15 King street east, on March 2nd. Doors opened at 7:30. Concert commences at 8 o'clock. Carriages may be ordered for 10:30.

W. H. Davis, D.D.H.C.R., Chairman; R. W. Abell, P.C. R., Court Rose, Treasurer; B. Roberts, C.R. Court Davie, Secretary.

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NOT A MOVING PANORAMA BUT AN ACTUAL

BATTLE FIELD

Open every work day from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ADMISSION 50c., CHILDREN 25c.

Every Saturday Night from 7 to 10:30

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS DEPOT

197 Yonge St., Toronto

X.L.C.R. Altos...	reduced from	$26 00 to	$16 00
" Tenors..	"	28 00	17 50
" Baritones	"	32 00	22 50
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Jubilee Bb Cornet, No. 1	"	22 00	15 00
" " 2	"	18 00	12 00

All have Silver Mouth-pieces and Valves, with Cases and Shanks for Cornets.

Catalogues of Instruments and Band Music free on application.

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(Late of New York)

Has fitted up a handsome parlor above Walton's Ladies Hair Dressing Rooms, 103 Yonge Street, up stairs, and will permanently

REMOVE ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

from the face by a new method without pain. No capillaries used. Satisfaction guaranteed. References from leading physicians. Note the address—

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OAK HALL

Every Overcoat to be sold at

NET WHOLESALE PRICES AND UNDER

Until the whole are completely cleared out. Those in need of a Winter Overcoat should certainly see our stock before they buy.

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PIANOS. ORGANS

COMMENDED AGAIN

Miss Lillian Russell yesterday ordered a Dominion Piano from Ruse's Temple of Music to be sent to her suite of rooms at the Queen's hotel for her own use during her stay here.—*Globe*, February 22, 1888.

J. S. POWLEY & CO., 68 King Street West, Toronto

13—64

The Carpet Warehouse of the Dominion

John Kay, Son & Co.

HAVE OPENED A LARGE SHIPMENT OF

Best Brussels, Queen's Velvet and Tapestry

= CARPETS =

purchased for cash at a Great Bargain, of which their patrons will reap the full benefit.

In this instance we stand alone in selling the best Brussels Carpets at $1 cash. The number of pieces of each pattern of these goods range from 4 to 22 pieces. Among them are a few pieces with Green Ground suitable for Show Rooms.

The heavy Queen's Velvet Carpet formerly sold at $1.45 now selling at $1.10 cash. Borders to match.

In Tapestries the 75c. cloth now 60c. cash, and the 80c. cloth at 65c. cash.

The lot comprises in all over 350 pieces. We have only charged a small percentage over cost in order to make a speedy clearance. Purchasers will find this a rare opportunity of supplying themselves with first-class goods at the prices named.

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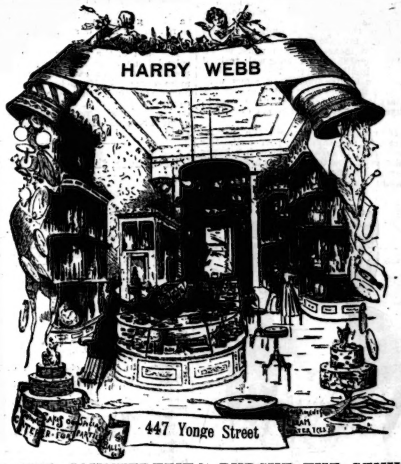

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